THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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THE COTTAGE HEARTH.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The ruddy blaze shines clear,
Making home faces bright,
And happy smiles appear
Beaming within the light,
And love's pure rays illumine there,
Grave brows touched soft with seams of care.

The father's voice strikes deep
Upon the listening ear,
The mother's accents keep
A soothing cadence near,
And clearer and more sweet than all,
The tones of childhood softly fall.

O happy cottage hearth,
Peace is thy fairest gift—
Though clouds may shadow earth,
Here gleams a sunny rift,
A glow where all sweet joys combine,
Seeming half earth and half divine.

MARIE S. L.

THE

DEATH SHADOW OF THE POPLARS.

(CONCLUDED.)

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY MRS. MARGARET HOSMER.

AUTHOR OF "THE MORRISONS," &c.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

MRS. WALLACE IN TWO CHARACTERS.

Two days after Easter, Mrs. Wallace's carriage drew up once more under the portico at The Poplars, and, veiled and closely muffled, the lady alighted and went in. She wished to see Miss Raye, and was shown at once into the young lady's presence. Leonore was sitting in her little parlor at her writing table, surrounded by quantities of papers and drawings. She rose instantly and stood bowing low before the woman to whom she was more objectionable than any living creature. Mrs. Wallace threw aside her veil and disclosed a face pale with sickness and marked with care and trouble. She spoke, and her voice trembled with excitement and feeling. "I have ventured to come to you as a suitor, Miss Raye," she said. "I have no reason to believe that my prayers will be availing, but desperate people clutch at every hope, and I am desperate."

Leonore looked at her with eyes that did not betray her thoughts. She, too, had been a sufferer; her countenance bespoke physical pain, but gave no clue to her mind. "You must say more before I can understand you," she said quietly, and resting her hand on the back of her chair, she stood looking down on the lady, who had sunk trembling into a seat.

"What I say is forced to be harsh and painful. I wish I knew how to spare you better, but I cannot and express my meaning. Miss Raye, the world—society—all who know you, think you a criminal; you are watched this instant, and the time is near when your name will be made public in connection with the most dreadful suspicions. My son was the affianced husband of two young ladies whom you are suspected of wronging. Your claiming him by some more than human power and drawing him within the circle of your influence is something horrible to all who know it. Can I not implore you to spare him? It is a frightful doom you condemn him to. Have pity and let me, his mother, drag him back from destruction!"

"I have heard this before and it has not killed me," said Leonore, slowly. "It is terrible, but it will pass away, because it is false; but to ask me to give up the hold I have on life is mean and cruel. Louis is no victim; he loves me, and we are happy in all this terrible agony; he believes me pure and innocent, and nothing can tarnish me now."

"This is folly, romantic folly; the poor boy does not know his own mind; you have thrown a spell over him that he has not the power to resist. Once set him free and he will shudder to look upon the precipice he has been dragged back from."

"I do not understand you—nor can you know the truth of what you speak of. Louis knows it all, and is only more firmly my friend. It was all like a dream. I was perfectly innocent of all design, and when they brought me back they made me swear that I would be quiet till Jean could get away. What am I saying? Oh, do not come here and torment me so!"

"Give up my son! You confess that you are concerned in this frightful business, and yet you have not the magnanimity to sink alone. Remember, it is infatuation, which will not last, and you will save him and make me bless you if you resign him now."

Leonore looked at her steadily. "I could not give him up, because he would not be content to leave me. I have done no ill, and therefore fear none. It is useless to speak further." She closed her lips and looked at the woman who condemned while she entreated her, with such a quiet, changeless eye, that Mrs. Wallace faltered and turned away.

There was not another word spoken; the mother coughed and tried to swallow some nervous impediment in her throat that choked her utterance, but failed. Presently she found it best to rise and move away towards the door, in some confusion, for the steadfast gaze upon her disconcerted all her powers. As she laid her hand upon the fastening, Leonore stepped towards her with gentle dignity and grace.

"The time may come when you will think more kindly of me, madam," she said. "When it does, remember I have always respected and honored you." She made a slight motion, as if she would have touched her hand, but Mrs. Wallace shrank away in haste, and covering her face, departed.

On the portico she met Mr. Bond, flushed with haste and looking much excited. There were two men beside him, who hung back as he went boldly in to where Leonore yet stood.

Mrs. Wallace paused, for she felt the shadows were closing round the young mistress of The Poplars, and that the worst was at hand.

"What is this?" she heard her say in proud surprise.

Mr. Bond replied. Apparently his energy in the pursuit he had followed so determinedly cooled as soon as he saw his victim run down, for his voice was weak and his manner shame-faced and faltering.

"Miss Raye, you are in the custody of these persons, and it will be necessary for you to ride to Stapleton with them to answer a few questions which will be asked you there."

"Are you serious, sir? On what grounds am I thus insulted?"

"To answer the charge of being concerned with a woman named Jane Fry, commonly known as 'Crazy Jean,' in the poisoning of Olivia, Bertha and Adah Copeland."

A cry of horror that somehow smote Mrs. Wallace's ear strangely and touched her heart rung out upon the air, and then she heard a heavy fall upon the floor. A perfect stillness followed, and though her will moved her towards the carriage, her heart kept her rooted to the spot.

"You've killed her," said one of the men in a frightened voice to Mr. Bond. "You'd better let us manage these things; we're used to 'em."

Something in the jealous mother's heart asserted itself at these words, and try as she could to repress it, it forced her back into the little parlor where the motionless figure lay. If that exquisite face had been carved in marble it could not have been more immovable or deadly cold, yet it was sweetly innocent as if it had been an infant's. One of the strange men raised her in his arms, but Mrs. Wallace caught her from him and took her in her own.

"Mr. Bond, have you done wisely, or as a gentleman should? Miss Raye is a lady, and not yet proven unworthy your respect."

"I am doing what I feel to be my duty," said Mr. Bond, but he did not seem to be so sure of it as he was a few moments ago.

"There is a carriage waiting," suggested one of the men.

Leonore slowly opened her eyes, then shuddering closed them again, and seemed to woo insensibility at the first gleam of returning memory.

Mrs. Wallace spoke; it was a great effort, but she made it, and said, "Miss Raye, these people insist on your accompanying them to Stapleton to answer some serious questions. If your own heart sustains you, trust in God and all will be well. I will go with you."

These words were uttered with a slow distinctness that made each syllable a sentence, and their sounds seemed to restore the stricken girl to sense and reason. She rose up and stood a little dazed, but with a dawning purpose in her eyes which held her terror in abeyance. Mr. Bond moved aside for her to find her hat and mantle, and she came and stood beside the strangers in mute recognition of their power over her. Mrs. Wallace, with a determined effort that changed her whole bearing from a gentle and rather propitiatory matron to a stern, immovable figure, that might have stood for the goddess of Justice, drew the shuddering girl's arm through her own, and passing in advance of the rest, entered the carriage in which Mr. Bond and his attendants had come. One of the men got in with them, and the other sprang up outside. Mr. Bond had a horse waiting, on which he followed, and Mrs. Wallace's coachman sat staring blankly after the disappearing party.

CHAPTER XXIX.

BARBARA'S LAST WORDS.

Louis Wallace had been absent in New York, whither he had gone to find the wretched Richard Connell, who having been bribed by Mr. Bond to give the information, about which he had dropped some hints in a fit of intoxication, made his deposition, and then slipped away from the officers of justice who were keeping watch on him, and was now nowhere to be found. Arriving at his home, he learned that his mother was gone to The Poplars early that morning, and had not yet returned; without waiting for further information, he dashed off, and reaching the Hall found everything in the greatest confusion—the servants clustered together, terrifying themselves by the most dreadful surmises concerning their still absent mistress, and Barbara nowhere to be found. The moment he appeared, Margery ran towards him crying out—

"Oh, Mr. Wallace, please find out what's wrong; somebody told Mollie that Miss Raye was put in prison; and we're just a'most crazy, so we are."

"Oh, it's all owing to that dreadful crazy Jean," wept Mollie. "Oh, dear, do, Mr. Wallace, go and see what it all means."

The rest of the group added their wailing entreaties, but Louis did not pause to hear them. He asked but one question,

"Where was his mother?"

"Gone with their poor young lady and some strange men, who had come with Mr. Bond. Barbara had watched them, and gone off like a crazy person as soon as she saw them start in the direction of Stapleton."

Thither he went with all the speed it was possible to make. And the distracted household left to themselves, made a dismal holiday of it, and compared recollections on the subject of every probable cause for the trouble that had befallen their mistress.

At last, having talked themselves entirely out of further suggestion, Mollie declared her mind made up to go to Stapleton and find out for herself what was being done to the sweet young lady, and pledged herself not to return without being able to satisfy them all. Her resolution was much applauded, and losing no time she was soon on her way.

It was night-fall when she returned, and the exhausted party in the lower hall had sunk into moody silence, when she appeared to waken them to new interests in the unhappy business.

First of all, it was the biggest shame and the most terrible persecution that ever was got up—and so every one would say when they heard it.

Mr. Bond had got together a lot of stories against Miss Leonore, and one of them was that she had run off with Mr. Raye, and killed him on the hill road near Marlville; then he'd made up his mind that she had something to do with the young ladies' death, and he was trying to prove that there was poisons that left no trace, and she'd used one of them.

They had Jean for a witness, and they couldn't make her speak. She said that Mr. Bond had got her into a trap, and that she'd be even with him yet; but he couldn't make her talk against her will—and she had nothing to say. Mollie highly approved of this determination, but was forced to confess that the law was too strong for the valiant peddler woman.

"They are going to make her tell all she knows. And they won't take bail for Miss Raye, although Mr. Louis and his mother stand up for her most noble."

"Where's Barbara," said Margery, deeply incensed at the course of the law. "She knows how to manage Jean; and there ain't nothing that she can't tell, if she's a mind to."

As they spoke she came amongst them, looking more like a spirit than a living woman, breathless with exertion, yet white and shivering as if chilled to the heart.

"Don't one of you speak one word against her," she said, in a shrill, loud voice. "She is as pure and innocent as an angel in Heaven—as will soon be proven."

Margery had been most anxious to see the housekeeper, and had thought of innumerable questions to ask her concerning Jean, and what the lawyer had gathered as evidence against the poor young lady; but there was something in Barbara's face that discouraged interrogation, and with a few disclaimers against being supposed to be unfaithful to their mistress, they all sunk into silence.

She stood a moment looking irresolutely from one to the other, as if there was something she would say, yet could not find the words, then she turned and went away up-stairs, leaving them looking at each other for an explanation which no one could give.

They could not go to bed that night—no one could give up the hope that something would occur to throw some light on the mystery—and at every sound they heard, they sprang, expecting a messenger from Jean, to say she would speak out and clear Miss Raye, and confound Mr. Bond.

"Barbara will come down-stairs again and talk to us about it. She is excited now, and don't feel like bothering with answering questions; but she'll come down by-and-by and tell us all about it, never fear."

This was Mollie's conclusion, but it was not a true one. Barbara was busy up-stairs, and a strange work it was she was doing. The old chest behind her door was being emptied of everything it held—and as she drew each article from the secret recess, she looked at it with a strange, yearning gaze, as if she said good-by to sacred relics. There was a suit of baby's clothes, and a girl's dress of simple white, made in a by-gone fashion, and trimmed with faded flowers. There were letters in little bundles, and a quantity of long, curling hair, that she looked at with a shiver, then laughed bitterly, and held beside her own gray locks to mark the contrast. All at once she came upon the picture that she had consulted once before, it fell into her lap from a bundle of yellow leaves, discolored with time and faded writing. As she saw the face, so young and handsome, look smilingly into hers, she uttered a sharp cry and sprang upon her feet, as if the eyes had pierced her like a knife. They were all out now, and she huddled them up into her arms, and looked around her to see that no shred was left behind. Then she went out and closed the door, going up-stairs towards the room where so many had died. It was dark, and the awful shadows grouped like ghostly figures in the corners where the faint moonlight did not reach, filled her with horror, and she quailed before the closed door that had shut upon so much of life and youth forever. It was but a moment's hesitation, and then she unlocked it and went in. "There is nothing here that I need dread," she said, "the worst is with me always."

She groped her way to the broad fireplace and threw her bundle on the hearth. Then she made a light, and the dry papers blazed up bravely and brightened the gloom around. Barbara threw the infant's clothes upon the flame, and groaned as the fire began to smoulder under the weight of the cotton fabric. The ebony cabinet stood in the recess where Miss Bessard used to write her letters, and Barbara opened it like one who understood its secrets. From the hidden drawers she took the bottles and the tiny sponges, and threw them in the fire, together with the silver saucer, and all the implements she had placed before the poor young ladies the last night of their lives. Then she searched and searched in every crevice of the cabinet with nervous haste, to find something else belonging to the mystery, and came at last upon a letter fallen down behind the smallest drawer, which she opened and read eagerly, laughing at every word in a harsh, discordant way that was painful to hear. The flame had shot up brightly, catching the withered branches of lilacs that had filled a vase which she had overturned from its place beside the hearth. She thrust the paper in among the leaves saying—"It would take all blame from me—but I will not shield myself; I would have swept them out of my darling's way; and all I feared was that *he* would not be worthy of the love she gave him. I would have spared her this blow by yielding up my miserable life, but it could not be, and my child is paying the price of her happiness."

Then she stirred up the fire and threw in all her treasures, hiding the picture in among the rest, that its features might not mock her. The sparks flew out and caught a delicate fire screen, and made a bright red spot upon its dark surface. Barbara did not stay to mark the fire track, but hurried away, closing the door behind her, and was soon abroad in the cool spring night, under the stars and the faint moonlight, speeding away towards the house at Riverbend.

There Mrs. Wallace sat alone in deepest gloom, her son was still at Stapleton, using every effort to prove that Miss Raye was illegally detained on the accusation of Mr. Bond, since the witnesses produced by that gentleman were so unsatisfactory to the law. Richard Connell had not yet been found, and Jean could not be induced to speak. Not one word had the horror-stricken girl uttered, and yet Mrs. Wallace's feelings had changed more than she could herself account for. The cry she had uttered at Mr. Bond's first sentence of accusation still rung in her ears, and the shuddering terror the meaning of his words had brought into her young face was not guilt, but horror of the crime of which they charged her. She had gone with her to the magistrate's, and stayed beside her while Richard Connell's deposition was read—the other charge could not be substantiated, for Mr. Bond's proofs were not at hand. He had evidently hoped by confronting Miss Raye with Jean to bring her to confess, through the fear that her accomplice, as he insisted on considering the peddler, had betrayed her.

Leonore had listened quietly to the wretch's statement, and when it was concluded rose and said,

"It is perfectly true," to the utter distraction of her companion. If it had not been for that admission they could not have detained her, Mrs. Wallace thought; but when Louis reached Stapleton, and heard what she had said, to his mother's astonishment he entirely approved of it.

"It will all be proven to her honor, and my innocent love shall come out of this terrible trial without a shadow on her name," he said; and then he blessed his mother for the woman's heart that brought her to the side of the one whom in her jealous soul she had vowed to separate him from for ever. His hope lay in producing Richard Connell, and he felt confident he was on his track, so she left him in the town, and drove back to Riverbend to give orders to her household and return to Leonore.

"I will remain with her," she had said to her son, and he had caught her hands and covered them with kisses in token of his love and gratitude for such service.

So she sat alone, thinking or trying to think, when the door opened, and Barbara came in upon her without a word of announcement or preparation.

"What I come for is past ceremony, so I use none," said the strange woman. "Sit down and listen, for I have no time to lose. I have a long story to be told in a few words, and I must begin with the present and go backwards. Miss Raye and your son love each other, and you must either curse or bless them. I have watched you, and I believe that you will be true to your better self, and make them happy. They are in sorrow now, and a black cloud rests on that innocent lady's name, that I must give my life to wipe away. To understand her story you must listen to mine, and remember if it wearies you, the telling it is like pouring out my life's blood to me. When I was a girl I was secretly betrothed to a man who told me his name was Leonard Dorsett, and that he dared not marry lest he should lose his hope of a fortune. I believed him, and by-and-bye we were secretly united. He was a false villain, as it proved, and I left my home in shame to be a nameless waif on the earth ever since. I was the mother of a child and almost starving when Jean met me, and knowing my story, befriended me by getting me employment at The Poplars, and taking my child, whom I was forced to leave, that we might both live. She deceived me and told me my darling died, and showed me the grave of a companion in a churchyard near my old home, telling me my child lay there. This she did for money, which is Jean's god. Miss Bessard had a false lover named Raye, and my child was his granddaughter. Jean told her this, and she paid her well to take the little one away and educate it secretly. 'Twas one of her many whims to wish to feel that she was sole friend and protector of the helpless grandchild of a man she never forgave. You do not know the bond between Jean and her, nor how she came to trust so completely in a wandering peddler. Colonel Raye was a deceitful wretch, and Jean was his victim; she took vengeance in her own hand and shot him, for which she was tried and saved on the grounds of her feigned insanity, which she has kept up ever since as a cloak. I told you Jean deceived me, but I found her out, and the child I had mourned for with all the little feeling left in my frozen soul, came to live under the roof with me, just before her father's evil fate brought him to Stapleton. He tried to carry off his own daughter, but Jean, who *hated him*, because he was his father's son, thwarted him. He died because he was too foul to live. I have written the story out, and Jean will attest it when I am gone. You are frightened at me—well, I claim no kindred with human love or sympathy, and shall not put myself in my child's way to mar her young life with the knowledge of my wretchedness. I have had but one wish—but I solemnly vow to heaven, that I would have died ten times over to accomplish it without pain to her. It could not be; she will be happy, but she has had to pass through the fire that tries. It will soon be over, and I will not be a stain upon her spotless life. You are the only one that need know the truth."

She laid a folded paper on the table beside Mrs. Wallace and began to move slowly away. The astounded woman found her voice and called her back.

"Stay, I cannot understand this, it is too much for me to comprehend, but there is one thing I must know. Those poor sisters—you know how they died—and I have a horrible dread upon me when I think of them."

Barbara stood a moment undecided, then she turned away her face and spoke in a hard, rasping voice, that seemed to struggle against the words it uttered.

"Miss Bessard got some fearful stuff to smooth her face and beautify it. It was deadly poison, and it killed her. She wrote to them about the secret, and confessed that there was a risk in its use. They all tried it in turn, and all died."

"Impossible; what a crazy tale is this."

"It is all there is to tell," said Barbara, "and you are the last living creature that shall hear me speak. Do you hold a death charge sacred? Then hear mine. Spare my child the knowledge I was forced to give you, and do not blight her happiness. Remember that though falsely married I believed myself her father's wife." Even as she uttered the last sound she was gone, and the lady from whose sight she disap-

peared, sat unable from varied emotion to speak or follow.

CHAPTER XXX.

THE SMOKE OF THE POPLARS.

Mr. Bond and Mr. Wallace were working with one object, but with far different views, and both were exultant when Richard Connell was caught by indefatigable detectives and brought to Stapleton to face Jean Fry, and make good his statement concerning Miss Raye. A most reluctant witness he proved; and although he admitted that he had confessed to Mr. Bond, who had drawn him in, that Miss Raye was the young lady who had been in the carriage with the unfortunate gentleman he used to serve, on the last night of his life, yet he denied having said he believed her to have shot him. He looked the lawyer in the eye with much impudence, and told him that he knew he was anxious to establish such a belief, and as he was hard up and in great need he had consented to tell him what he knew in case it would not be used against him. He declared that he never meant to injure the young lady, though he could easily see that Mr. Bond's object was to ruin her character. He furthermore insisted that Jean should speak and tell all she knew about it, for she was deeper in the mire than he was in the mud, and had contrived to make more money by it, too, as she always did.

Jean's lips were sealed till Mrs. Wallace appeared to unclose them, and pale and trembling, laid a folded letter in the examining magistrate's hand.

What it contained was all-sufficient, and Jean certified to the writing, producing some from the same hand. Barbara Dorsett, as she styled herself, therein solemnly avowed herself to be the murderer of Lionel Raye, and called upon Jane Fry to prove that she had seen her fire into the carriage just as the murdered man leaned out to give orders to the driver. She made a concise statement of the scene on the road, and averred that remorse at having allowed the young lady to be deceived urged her to commit the deed. She fully exonerated Jean from any complicity with the crime, and said that they had together conveyed the insensible girl to her home, and the peddler woman, fearing an inquiry, had decamped to avoid testifying against her. Leonore was totally unconscious of the deed at the time it happened, and had been led by them to believe that it was the work of some emissaries of the uncle of the injured Mrs. Raye. They had extracted an oath of secrecy from Miss Raye as the price of the service they had done her, and she was too ill for many weeks to fully realize its extent. All this Jean testified to be entirely true, and a warrant was issued against the absconding Barbara, who had cleared every one's name but her own.

Mr. Bond could make no more or less of the story than this, and on his endeavoring to drag in some suspicion on the subject of the sudden deaths at The Poplars, founded on some remarks dropped by Richard Connell that he knew more about it than any one would suspect, the magistrate prevented anything further being said in this case, contending that a new charge must be made, since this one was disposed of.

Then Richard Connell laughed, and said it was nonsense—that Mr. Bond was so eager for criminating evidence, that he would catch at anything. All that he built this last accusation out of was that he, Connell, looking at a picture of Miss Bessard in Bond's office, had said that the face was familiar to him, and he shouldn't wonder if he could tell something about her mysterious death. He had hired himself to an Italian quack who advertised to restore youth and beauty by a process of enamelling, and he had seen the lady come there and get a preparation in several little vials for the purpose. The drugs his master used were of the most subtile nature, compounded by him with his face in a glass mask, and he argued that their application must be of a most dangerous character, as indeed he overheard his employer assure her. They were travelling from place to place, and left New York very soon afterwards, so he could not tell how the charm succeeded. He left the foreigner a few months later, and would never have remembered the incident had not Miss Bessard's picture and Mr. Bond's words recalled it to his mind.

It was considered best to detain this versatile character, and Jean also, much against her will, remained in custody; but Louis carried his rescued love away from the scene that had frozen her to stone, and his mother told the coachman to drive to Riverbend. It was in the evening of the day after Barbara had disappeared, and the whole matter had been examined with scrupulous care, until Leonore Raye was pronounced pure and blameless. Poor girl, she heard the words with parted lips and glittering eyes, and listening, seemed to drink back life and hope once more. And yet she could not speak—the power to utter words seemed lost in the strange experience of so much dread and horror. They lifted her into the carriage and she sat between Louis and his mother, her hands clasped round the firm arm of the woman who had disliked and distrusted her in prosperity, but supported and upheld her in trouble. Mrs. Wallace had changed more in the last few days than she could have believed it possible for her own mind to alter. It was not her pity for the stricken girl, so singularly encompassed with a web of apparent guilt, yet so entirely free from evil thought or deed; it was not the changeful scenes through which they had passed, nor the excitement of emerging from deep trouble into unclouded light; it was the changed nature of her son that had converted her to happiness in his new fortune. Louis, the dreamy cynic, the fritterer away of time and talent, the idler in the business of life, was now a man—warm, earnest and just, with life in his eye and purpose in his soul—all that she had hoped Olivia might make him was more than realized in what he was, and looking into the beautiful face at her side she saw the well from which he drank his inspiration. "It is his fate," she said to herself; "thank heaven it has wrought such a blessed change, and wakened all that is best in him to life and action."

They had reached the road commanding the sweep of the country away beyond the Glen and onward to The Poplars. A sudden glare of flame shot up and reddened all the sky. Leonore grasped her lover's arm and pointed towards it. "It is The Poplars," she cried, and shut her eyes, as if the sight showed her the ghosts of all the past that lived beneath that roof. Louis did not speak, but he leaned forward and took in all the scene. The great old hall was all aflame, and as the smoke wreaths mounted into air it seemed as if the shadowy forms of the three sisters rose and fled away forever.

Yes, The Poplars was burnt to ashes. The fire Barbara had scattered had smouldered in the airless room till it gained a slow, sure footing, and then it burst out and vanquished the grand old homestead, that no being of Miss Bessard's name or race was left to occupy.

Old Paul Berryl, in the fulness of years and the childish weakness of age, had given up the ghost, and Esther, the faithful woman who watched and served him so many year, still stood beside him when they laid him in the grave. It was out in the cemetery on the Clementina banks they laid him, and going there, to see where she should place a head-stone with his name upon it, she was alarmed to find the body of a woman stretched upon the fresh earth, stiff and dead. It was early morning, and the night dew drenching the clothes of the corpse, showed that she had lain there many hours. Good Esther was alarmed—but when she turned the face over and saw, though years, and a harder, sterner influence than Time's had changed and warped it, that it was little Barbara's, a feeling worse than fear fell on her heart, and she sank upon her knees beside it, and in her soul's first impulse prayed for mercy for the dead who had come back to lay her poor, dishonored head on the graves of the household she had desolated. Poor Esther, she would have buried her out of the sight of the world and closed the last part of that miserable story, leaving it in Heaven's hands for mercy; but she could not, and the story got abroad that Barbara Dorsett's body was found, and that no further developments concerning the murder of Mr. Raye could be obtained. The last words of the guilty woman were spoken, and she had gone to her account.

Nevertheless she was suffered to rest in the church-yard with her kindred; and what was much noticed and spoken of, Mrs. Wallace, and her son and future daughter-in-law, came and stood beside the coffin of the former housekeeper of The Poplars, and saw it lowered into its last resting place, within sound of the gurgle of the noisy stream where she used to meet Leonard Dorsett, the actor, long ago.

After this the family at Riverbend went abroad together, and the old Poplars lay for months in smouldering ruin, while no rumor came from over the sea of the mistress of its future fortunes. But as all sorrow and gloom will fade away before the healing light and power of time, so the gloomy old rubbish began to give place to a new and splendid pile suitable to the wealth and taste of the returning heiress. In good time the society of Stapleton and thereabout began to know that Mr. and Mrs. Louis Wallace had been married quietly before they went away, and were now returning to carry out the plans for the benefit of the working people of the neighborhood, commenced by the young mistress of the Hall when the painful story, which every one was now anxious to forget, began to be told and listened to against her.

They came—and all who saw them knew that the true, deep devotion of their hearts had made their lives lovely, and disarmed memory of sting or pang.

Leonore was a beautiful and loveable woman; Louis a noble and useful man; and his mother's heart was content and blessed. Nobody but they three, ever knew the story of Barbara Berryl. Jean was never seen in that part of the country again after her dismissal from custody, and there was no one else to tell it.

However unpleasant it had been for the lady of Riverbend to acknowledge to herself that her son's wife owned such parentage, the daily development of beauty and nobility in a nature that only languished in the past for want of love and guidance, more than reconciled her to the thought, and she was content to feel that the goal of her son's life was won at last, though part of the path thither lay through doubt and horror.

[THE END.]

MARCH.

The brown buds thicken on the trees,
Unbound, the free streams sing,
As March leads forth across the leas
The wild and windy Spring.

Where in the fields the melted snow
Leaves hollows warm and wet,
Ere many days will sweetly blow
The first blue violet.

Dear flower-germs, which long have lain
Within your wintry tomb,
Listening for April's vital rain
To call you into bloom—

O, push the damp, dead leaves apart,
And spread your blossoms o'er
The little grave by which my heart
Sits weeping evermore.

☞ A married woman in Kansas, who recently eloped with a physician, left the following unique note for her husband: "Dear Hubby—You're played out. I like Dr. —— so well that I prefer going with him rather than stay with you—you good-for-nothing, degenerate cuss. It's none of your business where we've gone to. It won't do you a bit of good to follow us, for I wouldn't live another day with you to save your life. You made a mistake in thinking I loved you. I never did. I married you for convenience sake. I take the baby along, and I'll take care of it. You can sue for a divorce, or get married as soon as you please. The woman who gets you will have a healthy old prize. Good-bye. Be virtuous and you'll be happy. Your LATE WIFE."

☞ The Lewiston Journal says a gentleman of that city, long troubled with dyspepsia, has been cured by drinking cold water from the Androscroggin river, instead of impure water from a well.

☞ A prominent journalist in New York, who is perfectly bald, has offered a reward of one thousand dollars for a tale that will make his hair stand on end.

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, MARCH 28, 1868.

NOTICE.—Correspondents should always keep copies of any manuscripts they may send to us, in order to avoid the possibility of loss; as we cannot be responsible for the safe keeping or return of any manuscript.

The Death Shadow of The Poplars.

We can supply back numbers of THE POST to Jan. 4th, containing the whole of this interesting story.

TRYING THE WORLD.

BY MISS DOUGLAS.

In next week's issue of THE POST, we design commencing Miss Douglas's new novelet, written expressly for our columns.

As the author of "In Trust," "Stephen Dane," "Claudia," &c., Miss Douglas has won an enviable reputation, which we trust the publication of this last effort, "TRYING THE WORLD," will enhance.

We hope our readers will call the attention of their friends to this new novelet—and also to the fact that THE POST contains weekly a large amount of the most excellent and instructive reading, in addition to its admirable stories.

A MUSEUM IN PHILADELPHIA.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

MR. EDITOR—The subject of a museum in Philadelphia is exciting some inquiry in the daily press, and I hope you will give the project the benefit of your advice and influence—not as a money-making speculation, but purely an intellectual gratification, a means of instruction as well as for the gratification of the juveniles and the curious of all classes. Such a repository, for scientific and natural objects of interest, as Philadelphia once had in Peale's well remembered museum, never should have been permitted to be broken up. The first blow it received was in its removal from Independence Hall to the old Arcade humbug: the next was in its going into Barnum's hands, to be committed to the flames, at the corner of Chestnut and Seventh streets. The small portion saved was removed to "Barnum's" in New York, to be again tested in the flames a few years since, and if any escaped that great conflagration, it was only to be utterly annihilated in Barnum's grand display of fireworks this winter. But apart from the humbug of the show shop, we want in Philadelphia a respectable place for the amusement and instruction of young and old, our own citizens, as well as for our country friends and visitors generally. Peale's old museum was in existence for a life time, and no one ever thought of such a thing as "fires and conflagrations." They were perils of Barnum's introduction.

As our public buildings are to be erected upon the more central site of Broad and Market, according to the present programme, a good opening is offered for the establishment of a Museum, in connection with some one of the new edifices, which will soon become a credit to the city. The Franklin Institute has a large collection of scientific objects which are now but little known to the community at large, but which may be made of great service in filling up one department of a Museum. And many individuals have curiosities of various kinds, which would be useful. A gentleman in Camden, Mr. L. F. Fisler, recently returned from China, brings with him a large and interesting collection of curiosities, the fruits of several years residence in that remarkable country, which would serve as a nucleus for a Museum, to which additions would speedily be made from all quarters. Let us by all means have a Museum. C.

[We second the motion of our correspondent with all our heart—it was a sad day for the children, and for many grown people too, when Peale's Museum was no longer to be seen in Philadelphia.—*Ed. Sat. Eve. Post.*]

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE JERUSALEM DELIVERED OF TORQUATO TASSO. Translated into English Spenserian Verse, with a Life of the Author: by J. H. WIFFEN. Third American from the last English Edition. Illustrated with six fine steel engravings. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; and also for sale by G. W. Pitcher, Philada. This is an excellent edition.

CHEAP EDITIONS.—We have received from D. Appleton & Co. copies of their cheap editions of Scott's "Kenilworth," "Guy Mannering," and Dickens's "Sketches by Boz." All for sale by G. W. Pitcher, Philada.

Also from T. B. Peterson & Bros., copies of Scott's "Rob Roy" and "Antiquary," and Dickens's "Barnaby Rudge," and "Haunted Down," &c.

LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE for April contains its usual variety of interesting articles.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY, for April. Published by Ticknor & Fields, Boston.

THE NEW ECLECTIC, for April. Published by Turnbull & Murdoch, New York and Baltimore.

☞ Suffering well borne is better than suffering removed. I know enough of gardening to understand that if I would have a tree grow upon its south side, I must cut off the branches there. Then all its forces go to repairing the injury, and twenty buds shoot out where otherwise there would have been but one. When we reach the garden above, we shall find that out of those very wounds over which we sighed and groaned on earth, have sprung verdant branches, bearing precious fruit, a thousand-fold.—*H. W. Beecher.*

☞ A sharp old gentleman travelling out West got a seat beside his wife in a crowded car, by requesting the young man who sat by her, to "please watch that woman while he went into another car, as she had fits."

Snakes Cannot Live in Ireland.

The greatest of all the miracles attributed to St. Patrick is the banishment from Ireland of snakes and poisonous reptiles, and the blessing of the Irish soil, so that none of the serpent tribe could ever again live upon it. Pliny, the naturalist, relates that serpents are never found upon the trefoil or shamrock, and that it prevails against the sting of snakes or scorpions. As the shamrock is indigenous to the soil of Ireland, and abounds in every part of the country, this may, in some sort, account for the absence of poisonous reptiles from the Green Isle. It is a fact that snakes will not exist for any length of time in Ireland, although they will not die on touching the soil. A curious circumstance occurred in 1831 for the purpose of testing it. A gentleman, named James Cleland, of Rath-gael, in the county Down, purchased in that year half a dozen harmless English snakes, in Covent Garden Market, London, and brought them home to his domain and set them at liberty. They crawled out of the place and were killed by the country people, who were greatly alarmed at their appearance, and so enraged at Mr. Cleland that he was obliged to retire from the country for a time. One of them was killed at Millcross, about three miles distant from where it was let loose. The parties had no idea that it was a snake, but thought that it was a strange specimen of an eel, and brought it to Dr. Drummond, a distinguished naturalist residing in the neighborhood, who at once pronounced it to be a reptile. The idea of a snake appearing at so short a distance from the burial place of St. Patrick was an astounding occurrence, and excited the wildest speculations. The snakes, when captured and killed, appeared to be in a weakly state, and barely able to crawl, thus showing indications of the near approach of death.

Gas.

We were standing talking in my office, on a certain street which shall be nameless, but which is not unknown to commercial men, when a collector entered the room and presented a bill for gas.

"Have you examined the metre?" said our friend.

"I have," replied the collector.

"And how much is it?"

"Five dollars and sixty-five cents."

"Ah, well," said our friend, with a smile of great enjoyment rippling over his features, "we won't pay it."

"You won't?" said the man, in great astonishment. "Then, sir, I shall be compelled to cut off your gas," evidently imagining he had uttered some tremendous threat.

"Do so, by all means," replied our friend, and all the habitues of the office burst into a hearse laugh, to which accompaniment the man went out with an angry look of resolution that was in itself sufficiently ludicrous. Not being in the secret, we asked our friend "What meaneth this laughter and wherefore?"

"Most noble," he responded, "you must know that we use no gas, and that the gas has been turned off for the last two years. Every new collector examines the metre, and charges us five dollars and sixty-five cents, as you witnessed to-day, and gets the same answer." There was again a hearty laugh in which, being now initiated, we joined.

Mouldy Substances in Rooms.

It has long been known that the presence of moulds in rooms is highly injurious to human health; under certain conditions of dampness and bad ventilation, it is no uncommon thing to see mildew run all over a large expanse of whitewashed wall or ceiling. If this mould occur in a living room, and it be not destroyed, it frequently brings on a complication of painful symptoms in the human patient, or, in other words, the membranes and tissues of the body are known to offer a fitting habitat for the plant, and it is transferred from the original objects to the human frame. A weak solution of hypochlorate of lime has recently been recommended as a destroyer of moulds in rooms, and as their growth is both common and rapid in this country in damp and ill-ventilated situations, the remedy is worth a trial. —*Builder.*

Cacography.

Some of the most distinguished French authors are said to be terribly loose in their orthography. Lamartine, for example, spells awfully ill; so much so, indeed, that there is reason to suspect he does it from affectation; and Madame George Sand's manuscripts are so full of words incorrectly written, that if she were a school girl she would be punished. Chateaubriand admits that he did not shine in spelling, and it is a fact that Jean Jacques Rousseau committed blunders innumerable. The late King Louis Phillipe used to write some of the commonest words erroneously—*ares* for *acre*, to wit; but perhaps he did that to be different from his subjects. The London Globe states that first-class English writers are not much better—perfect accuracy of spelling being very rare among them.

☞ A writer in San Francisco, who has been making a tour of the Chinese quarters in that city, says that the celestials' household idols, or Josses, often represent men who have illustrated their lives in former times by acts of greatness, so considered. To a question as to whom his Joss represented, an intelligent Chinaman replied: "Oh! him velly great man, velly great; him have hundred and fifty children."

☞ Minnesota recently had a snow storm so furious and blinding, that it is said that several engineers on the St. Paul and Pacific Railroad ran their trains past stopping stations without seeing them; and in fact, one engine driver had gone five miles beyond, before he discovered his error. It was impossible at times to see five feet from the locomotive.

☞ The following *agricultural* question has been propounded to the New York Farmers' Club by R. W. Clay, of Olney, Ill. Is there anything to prevent men from spitting tobacco juice over my stove and floor? Our neighbors come in squirting and chewing as long as they please.

☞ The late Prof. Farraday kept a record of his experiments. The last one was numbered 16,511.

A LITERARY CURIOSITY.

Mrs. H. A. Deming, of San Francisco, is said to have occupied a year in hunting up and fitting together the following thirty-eight lines from thirty-eight English poets. The names of the authors are given below:

LIFE.

1—Why all this toil for triumphs of an hour?
2—Life's a short summer—man a flower;
3—By turns we catch the vital breath and die—
4—The cradle and the tomb, alas! so nigh.
5—To be is better far than not to be,
6—Though all man's life may seem a tragedy;
7—But light cares speak when mighty griefs are dumb,
8—The bottom is but shallow whence they come.
9—Your fate is but the common fate of all;
10—Unmingled joys, here, to no man befall.
11—Nature to each allots his proper sphere,
12—Fortune makes folly her peculiar care;
13—Custom does not often reason overrule,
14—And throw a cruel sunshine on a fool.
15—Live well, how long or short permit to heaven;
16—They who forgive most shall be most forgiven
17—Sin may be clasped so close we cannot see its face—
18—Vile intercourse where virtue has not place;
19—Then keep each passion down however dear,
20—Thou pendulum, betwixt a smile and tear;
21—Her sensual snares let faithless pleasure lay,
22—With craft and skill—to ruin and betray.
23—Soar not too high to fall, but stoop to rise,
24—We masters grow of all that we despise.
25—O then renounce that impious self-esteem;
26—Riches have wings, and grandeur is a dream.
27—Think not ambition wise because 'tis brave,
28—The paths of glory lead but to the grave.
29—What is ambition? 'tis a glorious cheat,
30—Only destructive to the brave and great.
31—What's all the gaudy glitter of a crown?
32—The way to bliss lies not on beds of down.
33—How long we live not years, but actions, tell;
34—That man lives twice who lives the first life well.
35—Make then while yet ye may your God your friend,
36—Whom Christians worship, yet not comprehend.
37—The trust that's given guard and to yourself be just;
38—For, live we how we can, yet die we must.

1 Young, 2 Dr. Johnson, 3 Pope, 4 Prior, 5 Sewell, 6 Spenser, 7 Daniel, 8 Sir Walter Raleigh, 9 Longfellow, 10 Southwell, 11 Congreve, 12 Churchill, 13 Rochester, 14 Armstrong, 15 Milton, 16 Baily, 17 French, 18 Somerville, 19 Thompson, 20 Byron, 21 Smollet, 22 Crabbe, 23 Massinger, 24 Cowley, 25 Beattie, 26 Cowper, 27 Sir Walter Davenant, 28 Grey, 29 Willis, 30 Addison, 31 Dryden, 32 Francis Quarles, 33 Watkins, 34 Herrick, 35 William Mason, 36 Hill, 37 Dana, 38 Shakspeare.

☞ Gen. Grant's father is now in his seventy-fifth year. Not long ago he proposed to give the principal part of his property to his children; whereupon the General said, "He had done nothing towards making it, and did not want any of it." The old gentleman quietly adds, "The Government had provided for him so well, that I acquiesced in his view." Mr. Grant "kept enough for himself," gave his son Orvil the largest share, and his two daughters $25,000 each.

☞ "Dying Done Here" is on a sign in Brooklyn, N. Y.

☞ On Lake Michigan, in the neighborhood of Chicago, this winter, the ice is said to have extended down to the bottom of the lake, which was shown by the fact that when it broke up and large cakes turned over, there were seen upon them large rocks, weighing hundreds of pounds, which had frozen in and been drawn from their resting places in the earth below.

☞ The late King of Bavaria, it is reported, broke off his marriage engagement with the Duchess Sophia, because he suspected that she had a hasty temper—a suspicion which arose from the fact that she was accustomed in the King's presence to box the ears of her waiting maid with a saucer. The prudent King thought of his own ears, and hesitated.

☞ More than one-half the tendencies to crime among men spring directly or indirectly from bodily derangements caused by the violation of physical laws, either by the criminals themselves or their ancestors.

☞ A letter was recently dropped in the post-office at Denver, Colorado, addressed to Mr. Coldfacts, Senator of Congress.

☞ Samuel Whittemore, post-master at Fluvanna, Chatauqua Co., has held his office since John Quincy Adams's time.

☞ A horse ran away at Truro, Nova Scotia, last week. A lady on the sidewalk, with great "presence of mind," ran into the middle of the street, was knocked down and killed.

☞ Richard Nichols, who successfully navigated a six ton fishing boat from England to Australia, has just lost his life in an attempt to navigate the streets of London. He was knocked down at a street crossing by a cart laden with live pigs, and almost instantly killed.

Building the House.

BY MRS. ELIZABETH OAKES SMITH.

In New England, the descendants of the old Pilgrim stock literally followed the suggestion given by Jesus, that "the wise man buildeth his house upon a rock," impervious to wind and rain; and accordingly their old homesteads were found perched upon barren rocks upon hill sides, where the bleak wintry winds played their melancholy carnival around the huge chimneys. This is a great mistake, for the location of a house should present as few mournful aspects as possible.

Women, even the dullest of them, are sensitive to external impressions, and their feelings tend to what is bright and cheerful, or the reverse, in proportion as their surroundings present the cheery and beautiful, or the stern and forbidding. I shall not plan a palace for my married pair; for, in our country, only the very vulgar aim at the distinctions of wealth, and I trust my wise and handsome pair are superior to the vanity of fine furniture and expensive attendance.

Let the house, if possible, be out of the city, even if you are obliged to make some little sacrifice to have it so; for in the long run, you will find the accounts tell well in your favor on the score of health, geniality, and expense. No rightly constituted mind can be content without trees, and flowers, and birds, and babbling brooks. One of the finest touches of Shakspeare is in the last hours of the selfish and corrupt, but witty Falstaff, who, after a career which has little to redeem it, is, I think, too severely abandoned by the Prince, in his age of poverty and neglect, and at length, Nature, more gentle than human creatures, takes her miserable child by the hand, and a child once more lays his head upon her bosom, where, dying, he "babbled of green fields."

Women and children are always happier for being in the country. I was once greatly pained in talking with a city child, and telling him of the delights of rural objects, when he stopped me midway it my description by asking:

"How do little lambs look? Do they look like little mice? Do they sing like Mamma's canary?"

The ideas engendered by a city life are far less wholesome, and less enlarging, than those suggested by Nature in her grand and beautiful retreats.

A house is not a place for mere shelter; an Indian wigwam, an Irish shanty or Esquimaux hut will suffice for this purpose; into places like these the uncultured man creeps, and the woman, degraded by servility, crawls, and from thence the infant looks out of the low portal, as the wild animal looks from his den—the house of the wise woman and provident man involves more than a supply of mere animal wants. A house is for the habitation of intelligent, cultivated, hospitable beings. It accords with the sentiment of the beautiful, and involves fitness and use. It is for more than one. It opens its portal cheerily to the comer, and is suggestive of warmth and comfort. It is to be a home, the dearest place on earth to a pure heart. Children play in the sunshine under great sympathetic trees, which toss their branches in chorus to their mirth; blossoms cluster in the pathway, and vines embrace the lattice; pleasant melodies float outward in concert with the sweet melodies of wood and water, and bird and kine; holy hymns and sanctifying prayers ascend as from an altar, rising with the early dew, and softly mingling with the hush that comes with the close of day.

I have seen many a horseshoe nailed upon the beams of a house, to be a talisman to keep its inmates from harm; and I have seen more than one timid woman sprinkle salt upon the threshold of her new home, to be an omen of good; and I, for one, would sooner believe in and yield to these harmless superstitions, than keep house in the cold, material, ungodly way so prevalent in our country. We Christians are less reverent than the Pagans, who instinctively acknowledge the sanctity of home by the worship of the Lares and Penates, whose only worship consisted in the toss of a few crumbs of bread, or wine, or water, as a token of faith in benign and invisible powers.

A cordial good will, a peace-loving spirit, neighborly offices, and human charities seem to me so essential to a household, that I would even restore the salt to its ancient symbolism, and he who had shared my hospitality, partaken of my bread and meat, should for ever afterward be entitled to my good will; should be sacred from abuse, evil speaking, or malevolent design.

We dedicate our churches—I would dedicate our houses, also, with religious ceremonial—dedicate them to that hospitality that entertains "angels unawares;" to that good faith by which no evil tongue should follow an inmate; to that divine peace by which all wranglings and bickerings should be done away with, and to those deep monitions, which should testify to the sincerity of our belief in the unseen and eternal. Our houses should be as holy as our churches, to say the least.

How shall the house be built?

I am not writing for the rich, the luxurious or the idle, and therefore I shall hint at a house suitable for a man and woman of moderate means, and here let me say, that they will give themselves no anxiety about a parlor whatever. These parlors, with their useless furniture, and marble mantles, and folding-doors, are a drain upon the purse and a detriment to the morals of a household. Your true friends, who love and respect you, come to see you and enjoy your society, and never think of your furniture.

I think the kitchen need not be very large, but it must have neat closets and drawers, with an abundance of fresh towelling, and strong, useful articles for cooking; not too many conveniences, which take up time and strength to little purpose. There should be a sliding door, though a pantry, perhaps, by which the food can be handed without noise or delay into the dining-room.

The dining-room should be large and airy, without *cross lights*, but with light in plenty. Here should be the central spot of the household. Here should concentrate all its geniality, all its cheery talk, all its mirth, its intelligence and hospitality. I think it would be well, for the sake of a certain picturesque state, to raise one side of it slightly after the manner of the ancient dais, and upon this should stand the piano, if you are able to have one; here should be a desk convenient for writing; and here should be books also, and the easy chairs for dignity. This dais might be carpeted, while it is not essential to carpet the rest of the room. If well warmed in winter, such a room will be found most delightful. It will keep the household together, and promote companionship, and the enjoyment of home pursuits and simple pleasures. It will obviate expense, and present each member of a family candidly to the eyes of each other. Its size will give ample opportunity for those little *asides* required for council and even coveted by lovers, for a lounge or a sofa here and there will impart to it a cosiness and grace.

It is well to have a long hall run from front to rear, opening into a garden, for our first hint to a married pair is associated with a garden, and hence men and women instinctively yearn for the possession of one, and are never quite happy till they can talk of "our garden," and can trim its vines and train its flowers.

The chambers or sleeping rooms of "our house," should be the sweetest, freshest, airiest portion of it; not crowded with furniture, and I think devoid, in summer at least, of carpets, with nice fresh rugs, placed as comfort and convenience may suggest.

It is a very great pity to uselessly waste money, that may be needed for education and beneficence, upon the thousand knick-knacks that *infest* our modern houses. A good picture here and there, a statuette—Roger's groups, for instance—a choice volume, a bit of harmonizing drapery, a vase, freshly gathered flowers, are beautiful and suggestive, and may be added now and then as the pair grow prosperous; but let them do so cautiously, from a sentiment of true taste, not from vanity or ostentation, and by no means at the hazard of incurring a debt.

Young people, who go out from an amply furnished house, are apt to think they must live as handsomely as they did *at home*, and if they can not do this they prefer to board. This is to make a great mistake. Ten to one their own parents commenced life in a very homely if not meagre way, and rose step by step to wealth by the practice of the utmost frugality, and by dint of steady, honest labor. It is to be hoped this was the case, for it is the best criterion of good parentage.

Now our young people ought to be willing to begin life in a simple, moderate way, and rise gradually to the status of their progenitors, if desired, though I think the less they encumber themselves with superfluous luxuries the happier they will be. It is fatal to board. It is expensive and cheerless, and is not home. Resolve to build your house if it be ever so small. You can add room to room as occasion requires, and you will find yourself happier, more independent, and more respected as a householder than as a boarder.

I think one of the first rooms which our married pair will add is the "guest room" or "Prophets chamber." That is a fine picture of old-time simplicity and hospitality, that story of the Shunamite recorded in Holy writ. She, the woman, was said to be a great woman; nothing especial is said of the husband, but the picture of the wife is perfect in its sweetness and simplicity. She seems to be an advocate for equality, as every wifely woman is; she does not say "Let *me*," or "*I will*," etc., but with a cordial bright-eyed tenderness, she says:

"Let *us*, I pray Thee, make a little chamber on the wall for this man of God; and let us set for him there a bed, and a table, and a stool, and a candlestick."

One can almost see the air, and hear the tone in which the lovely wife engages the interest of the husband, and enumerates the simple catalogue of comforts.

If our pair who are building the house are not rich, they are all the better for feeling the spur of necessity. God has better designs in them than to give them riches. They must have a patient willingness to work; an almost savage desire for independence; an honest horror of being in debt. Husband and wife are of mutual aid; they have the benefit of two minds instead of one; they have the faith of two; the hope of two; and the love of two instead of one, and the rough places of life will be proportionately smoothed.

I think in building, metaphorically, the house, the wise woman must be even wiser in her way than the man. I think the good woman must be better than the good man, and the true wife especially wise and good in the wifely sense. There are many aspects of the outward world in which he is greatly her superior; he was made the master of the material world, she the suggestor of the spiritual; therefore, there will be many occasions on which her unworldliness, and her delicate sensibilities will greatly aid and refine his views in life, and each will find it not only wise, but will find it the natural instinct, to say each to each, as did the Shunamite, "Let us, I pray Thee," do thus and thus.—*Herald of Health.*

☞ Here is an example of military availability: During the war in India, the native princes were so hard run for ammunition that they had to use their prisoners for projectiles. The mortars on one battery were fed entirely with line officers, and with such effect that a breach in one of the English strongholds was made by throwing four Colonels and three Brigade Inspectors against it. The line officers were preferred because they had thicker heads than those who filled inferior positions. This is not only the case with the English army, but with others.

☞ William Howitt, now seventy-three years of age, says he owes his longevity and health to four doctors—Temperance, Exercise, Good Air, and Good Hours.

☞ There are two descriptions of bonnets especially in favor this winter in Europe. One is in black velvet and satin, with a diadem of butterflies of dark color but differing in shade; the ribbons are of lace and bordered with satin. The material for the other bonnet is water-green velvet; the folds are of black satin, the headband, composed of jet-beads, has the shape of a diadem, and the bonnet-strings are of lace, entwined with black satin.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

CONGRESS.—In the United States Senate, on the 17th, Mr. Edmunds, of Vt., read a resolution of the Retrenchment Committee, declaring that the recent report on whiskey frauds, though made by one of the committee, was made on his own responsibility, and not authorized by the committee, the subject never having been referred to them.

In the House, the bill removing political disabilities from certain ex-rebels was considered and recommitted. The bill to admit Alabama was considered, and finally Mr. Stevens, of Penna., saying that he was not satisfied to force a vote upon it in view of the election returns in that state, moved its recommittal, which was agreed to.

In the Senate, on the 18th, a communication was received from Gen. Grant, enclosing a telegram from Gen. Meade, saying that the execution of the bill directing military commanders to fill offices with those who can take the test oath would be impracticable. The bill removing the tax on manufactures was considered, passed in Committee of the Whole and reported to the Senate.

In the House, Mr. Broomall, of Pa., moved to reconsider the vote referring to the Judiciary Committee a bill introduced by him in July last, giving the suffrage to negroes in all the states of the Union. The bill was supported by Messrs. Broomall, Schofield, Williams, Kelley and Stevens, of Pa., and opposed by Messrs. Woodward, Boyer and Lawrence, of Pa., and by Mr. Kerr, of Ind., and Mr. Spalding, of Ohio. Mr. Spalding favored negro suffrage as a state measure, but opposed the bill as a direct violation of the Constitution. Mr. Stevens offered a substitute for the bill, but Mr. Broomall withdrew his motion, leaving the matter still in committee. Mr. Farnsworth, of Ill., from the Reconstruction Committee, reported another bill to admit Alabama.

On the 19th, the Senate passed the House bill to exempt manufactures from taxation, with amendments providing for a reduction of the tax on petroleum to 50 cents, and fixing the tax on receipts from manufacturers at two dollars for each thousand dollars over ten thousand. The amendments reported by the committee to still tax sugar, spices, coffee, &c., were rejected.

In the House, Mr. Boutwell, of Mass., from the Judiciary Committee, reported the bill providing that in case of the inability of the Chief Justice to perform his duties they shall devolve on the Senior Associate Justice, and it was passed. The bill to continue the Freedmen's Bureau another year was passed—yeas 96, nays 37.

NEW JERSEY.—The Republican Convention met at Trenton and chose delegates to the Chicago Convention. The resolutions adopted approved of Gen. Grant for President, and endorse Congress, but are silent concerning the finances.

MICHIGAN.—The Michigan Republican Convention met at Detroit, and chose delegates to the Presidential Convention. Resolutions were adopted favoring universal suffrage, and declaring for Gen. Grant and Schuyler Colfax as next President and Vice President.

VIRGINIA.—The new registration in Richmond, Va., closed on the 14th inst., giving the blacks 38 majority out of 12,000 registered.

The Virginia Convention has adopted a section of the franchise article requiring all state officers to take an oath accepting the civil and political equality of all men before the law.

The Virginia Convention has decided to levy a tax of three per cent. for the payment of its expenses.

NORTH CAROLINA.—Hon. Thos. S. Ashe has accepted the Conservative nomination for Governor of North Carolina. The Convention has adjourned.

ARKANSAS.—The election returns from Arkansas are meagre. The opponents of the Constitution claim that it will be defeated by at least 15,000. Monroe and Phillip counties are reported to have voted in favor of the Constitution.

CALIFORNIA.—The State Assembly has rejected the fourteenth amendment to the Federal Constitution by a vote of 46 to 24.

ALASKA.—Alaska has been made a separate military department, and Gen. Jeff. C. Davis has been assigned to its command.

AN UNCONSTITUTIONAL LAW.—The United States Supreme Court has declared unconstitutional the law of Nevada, levying a tax of one dollar on every person leaving that state by coach or railroad.

ST. PATRICK'S DAY.—St. Patrick's day was generally observed in all our large cities. In Philadelphia there was a parade of Fenians to welcome Gen. O'Neill. Charles W. Brooke delivered an oration at National Guards' Hall.

THE LATE FRESHETS.—Remarkable freshets, it is said, have attended the advent of spring in the Northwest. At Chicago, at times, the rapid rise of the Chicago river threatened to deluge the city. From the Rock River Valley, in Wisconsin and Illinois, come reports of great gorges of ice, the destruction of bridges and the inundation of villages. Many of the railroads in the interior of Illinois have been severely damaged by the heavy rains. The bridge of the Illinois Central Railroad over the Rock River was partially carried away, although the track was forty-five feet above high water mark. On the Chicago and Northwestern Railway the track for nearly a mile was at one time submerged to a depth of three feet. Floods and floating ice have obstructed railway travel over the Hudson, Susquehanna and other rivers, temporarily.

Extensive land slides have occurred on the Pan Handle and Pittsburg and Connellsville Railroads, causing much damage and obstructing travel.

RECALLED.—The resignation of Cassius M. Clay, Minister to Russia, has been accepted. Mr. Clay is on his way back to this country. He was requested to resign by Mr. Seward owing to certain charges brought against him.

MAINE.—The City Council of Portland, Maine, has chosen Jacob McLellan, Republican, Mayor of that city—no choice having been made in two previous elections by the people.

Foreign Intelligence.

GREAT BRITAIN.—In Parliament, on the night of the 16th, Mr. Gregory made a speech advocating a reform in Ireland. Mr. Gladstone followed, stating that the Irish peasantry were lacking in enterprise, but should be encouraged by the government. He thought the Ministry should lose no time in announcing some definite and safe plan of progressive reform. On the 19th, Earl Mayo, Chief Secretary for Ireland, presented the Government bill for reform in the representation of Ireland in the Commons. There is to be no alteration in the county franchise, but in boroughs the right of voting is to be given to all £5 householders. No action was taken upon the measure.

IRELAND.—The jury in the case of Capt. Mackey have brought in a verdict of guilty of treason. Sentence deferred.

FRANCE.—The Corps Legislatif has adopted an amendment to the law on public meetings. It proposes to remove all restrictions from the right of the people to meet in public assemblies when and where they please.

A French pamphlet, seeking to establish the claims of the Napoleonic dynasty to popular origin, is announced. The authorship is ascribed by some to the Emperor. The writer, after giving a lengthy history of the early popular votes on France, proves from them that the French constitution is based on the will of the people only, and changeable only by a vote of the people. He then passes on to review the course of the Emperor towards the people, and contends that in the decrees of 1860 and 1867 certain liberal reforms guaranteed by the Emperor manifest that he seeks to adopt the covenant to progress and liberty.

PRUSSIA.—Prince Napoleon, after a series of flattering entertainments given here in his honor, has departed for Paris. His visit to Germany has given rise to many surmises and rumors, and is extensively commented on by the press, but the object of his mission has not been divulged. His reception everywhere in Germany has been most cordial.

ITALY.—Despatches received from Rome announce that Lucien Bonaparte, Gonella, Barelli, Brardi, Moses, Borromeo and Capotti have been made Cardinals.

Pope Pius has proclaimed the new Roman Catholic Bishops of Erie, Louisville and Buffalo.

The French troops in Rome have been reduced to a single brigade.

The eruption of Mount Vesuvius is increasing in power and grandeur. The volcano is throwing up vast quantities of fire, with but little lava. The detonations are very loud and frequent.

ABYSSINIA.—It was reported that General Napier was about to make a sudden dash upon the enemy's forces near Magdala, in the hope of being able to free the captives in the surprise and confusion of the moment.

THE WEST INDIES.—At St. Thomas the cholera is unabated, and the victims number thirty per day, and are buried within four hours from decease. Rain is much needed on the island.

AUSTRIA.—In the Reichsrath the announcement has been made by the Ministry that the project for the authorization of civil marriages ought to pass in spite of the Concordat. While they regretted the ill-will of the Pope, the Ministry considered such an enactment indispensable to the well-being of society, and should press its adoption by the Reichsrath.

ALGERIA.—From Algeria deplorable accounts continue to reach Paris of the sufferings of the inhabitants, who are dying by thousands of famine. In Algeria the harvests last year almost totally failed, owing to two years of unexampled drought, and an invasion of locusts unparalleled since the settlement of the French colony there.

Organized Thieving.

A parallel to Mr. Dickens's account of the den of thieves, in "Oliver Twist," has been found in New York city, where the police recently broke up a gang of thieves, consisting of two men, two women and nine boys, who had their meeting place in Crosby street. Here the leader, named Frank Oliver, marshalled his followers every morning, and assigned them each a district in which to ply their vocation. Each morning the newspapers were read to ascertain if any large meetings were to be held, and if so, a special force was despatched to the place. The plunder, consisting of jewelry and every kind of wearing apparel, was handed over to Oliver, who paid a certain per cent. to the operators for their services. The organization, it seems, was still in its infancy, having been going on for a little more than a month. The stolen goods found amounted in value to over $5,000.

☞ Physiologists, after patient and close inquiry, have arrived at the conclusion that the power of the entire man, his vitality, is as much expended by two hours of deep mental efforts as by a whole day of ordinary bodily labor.

☞ The Boston and Albany Railroad Company, it is announced, is about to substitute candles and lard oil in the place of kerosene for illuminating their cars. In case of accident, the dangers of petroleum explosion will thus be avoided.

☞ At a large party the other evening, while a young lady was playing the piano with peculiar touch, a bystander remarked: "I'd give the world for her fingers." He was greatly taken aback by her prompt reply, that he might have her whole hand—for his own. But then it's leap year, you know.

☞ Anger is a waste of vitality, it is always foolish, and always disgraceful, except in some very rare cases, when it is kindled by seeing wrong done to another, and even that noble rage seldom mends the matter.

☞ Leopold de Meyer wears exceptionally large and shocking bad hats, and when he lost one in Connecticut, in despair at procuring another of the proper size, his manager telegraphed back to have the missing article forwarded. The answer came as follows: "Down express train met hat lying on the track two miles east of New Haven. Mistook it for the depot, and ran right in. Engineer discovered error and backed out. Freight train despatched to remove the establishment, and shall forward it in sections as requested."

☞ The Hon. David Wilmot, widely known in past time as a leading politician of this state, died at his residence, at Towanda, on Monday last, in the 55th year of his age. He has been acting of late as Judge of the Court of Claims in Washington.

☞ According to the Directory, New York city has only 1,100 John Smiths.

Senator Wade on Public Economy and Reduced Taxation.

Senator Wade is reported as follows by the correspondent of the *Cincinnati Commercial*:—

"'Then there is another point,' continued the Senator, 'on which I feel very strongly. I am convinced that our Government expenditures ought to come down very nearly to the point at which they stood before the war. The expenses of the army and navy, in particular, are exorbitant, and ought to be brought down promptly, without fear or favor. We cannot stand this frightful system of public expenditures. Its effect is demoralizing upon every branch of the Government; and, besides, the people are heavily pressed by taxes, and won't stand it much longer. We must economize—everywhere, if possible, but especially at the points of our greatest expenditure—the army and navy. Then I believe there's another thing we've got to do. The party can't live without it, and what's more important, the country can't prosper. We must stop this outrageous system of fraud and peculation. The Government can't stagger under it much longer. There was, as compared with the present state of things, but little fraud under Lincoln's administration. But now the money of the people is used with a lavish hand to corrupt the people. This must be reversed as quick as an engineer would reverse his locomotive when he saw a broken bridge ahead of him. Why, sir, two-thirds of the present tax officers are men without credit at home. Men that couldn't get trusted for a pipe of tobacco in their own towns are selected to collect the revenue of the Government. I know men, and so do you, to whom some of my constituents have to pay their taxes, to whom no neighbor would even lend twenty dollars, with the remotest idea of getting it paid this side of the judgment day.'"

☞ The present year is said to be one for the re-appearance of the seventeen-year locusts. The Observer, published at Centreville, Maryland, states that these locusts made their first recorded appearance in Maryland in 1799, and returned every seventeen years after that time, their last appearance being in 1851. The Maryland rule will probably apply in this locality.

Dr. Radway's Pills (Coated) Are Infallible as a Purgative and Purifier of the Blood.

BILE.

Bile in the Stomach can be suddenly eliminated by one dose of the Pills—say from four to six in number. When the Liver is in a torpid state, when species of acrid matter from the blood or a serous fluid should be overcome, nothing can be better than Radway's Regulating Pills. They give no unpleasant or unexpected shock to any portion of the system: they purge easily, are mild in operation, and, when taken, are perfectly tasteless, being elegantly coated with gum. They contain nothing but purely vegetable properties, and are considered by high authority the best and finest purgative known. They are recommended for the cure of all disorders of the Stomach, Liver, Kidneys, Nervous Diseases, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Bilious Fever, Inflammation of the Bowels, Piles, and symptoms resulting from Disorders of the Digestive Organs Price, 25 cts. per box. Sold by Druggists.

mar16-eow-tf

ONE OUNCE OF GOLD will be given for every ounce of adulteration found in "D. T. Babbitt's Lion Coffee." This Coffee is roasted, ground and sealed "hermetically," under letters patent from the United States Government. All the "Aroma" is saved, and the Coffee presents a rich, glossy appearance. Every family should use it, as it is fifteen to twenty per cent. stronger than other pure "Coffee." One can in every twenty contains a One Dollar Greenback. For sale everywhere. Henry C. Kellogg, Agent at Philadelphia. feb22-1y

"KNOWLEDGE IS POWER," and to know that in DR. TURNER'S TIC DOULOUREUX or UNIVERSAL NEURALGIA PILL you have an invaluable remedy against Neuralgia, Nerve-ache and all complaints of the nerves, must be consoling to those so afflicted. The effect of this medicine on the *nerve fluid* is beyond conception. Apothecaries have it. Principal Depot 120 *Tremont St., Boston, Mass.* Price $1 per package; by mail, two postage stamps extra.

Johnston, Holloway & Cowden, Agents, Philadelphia, Pa.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS.—Let no sufferer from chronic dyspepsia or liver disease despair; this remedy will inevitably perform the task the doctor has abandoned, and restore the patient to health. Manufactory, 80 Maiden Lane, N. Y.

FOR Colds, Coughs, Bronchitis, and all affections of the Lungs, take AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL, which is sure to cure them. mar21-2t

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On Thursday, March 19th, 1868, by the Rev. Dr. Malcom, CHARLES J. ESSIG to Miss MARY A., daughter of Geo. Sturges, Esq., all of Philadelphia.

On the 16th instant, by the Rev. Andw. Manship, Mr. PEARSON S. CLIME to Miss AMELIA E. WESTFALL, both of this city.

On the 12th instant, by the Rev. J. H. Peters, Mr. JOHN H. CAMPBELL to Miss EMMA E. SHIELDS, daughter of the late Chas. Shisler, Esq., both of this city.

On the 16th instant, by the Rev. Thos. C. Murphy, Mr. THOMAS MAFFIT to Miss JULIA M. CHARRIERE, of Camden.

On the 11th instant, by the Rev. John Thompson, Mr. WILLIAM H. MOORE to Miss KATE RHEINER.

On the 26th of Sept. last, by the Rev. E. B. Miller, Mr. HORATIO MOURBY to Miss EMMA HAMMOND, both of this city.

On the 11th instant, by the Rev. Wm. Cathcart, Mr. GEORGE W. EDWARDS to Miss JANE M. BRANDT, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name

On the 17th instant, Mrs. MARGARET LEMEN, in her 67th year.

On the 17th instant, HORATIO G. CRANE, in his 63d year.

On the 17th instant, CATHARINE, wife of Henry Gallagher, aged 71 years.

On the 16th instant, WILLIAM BEVENS, aged 22 years.

On the 13th instant, AARON C. HILLMAN, in his 48th year.

On the 13th instant, WILLIAM FOREMAN, in his 30th year.

On the 12th instant, SARAH ANN, wife of Jos. M. Jones, in her 45th year.

On the 14th instant, Mrs. MARY THOMPSON, in her 42d year.

On the 12th instant, ELIZABETH C., wife of Wm. P. Thompson, in her 25th year.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

NEUTRAL IN POLITICS.

Splendid Inducements for 1868.

The contents of THE POST shall consist as heretofore of the very best original and selected matter. We commenced in the first number of January, a deeply interesting story, called

THE DEATH SHADOW OF THE POPLARS, by Mrs. Margaret Hosmer, author of "The Morrisons," &c.

We shall follow Mrs. Hosmer's story with

TRYING THE WORLD, by Miss Amanda M. Douglas, author of "In Trust," "Claudia," &c., and

ST. GEORGE AND THE DRAGON, by Elizabeth Prescott, author of "How a Woman Had her Way," "A Dead Man's Rule," &c.

Besides our original stories, we give

The *GEMS OF THE ENGLISH MAGAZINES*, and also the *NEWS OF THE WEEK, AGRICULTURAL ARTICLES, WIT AND HUMOR, RIDDLES, THE MARKETS, &c., &c.*

PREMIUMS. Various Premiums, from Pencils to Sewing Machines, including Books, and Silver Plated ware, are given to those getting up Premium Lists. A list of articles, terms, &c., will be sent to any one desirous of getting up a Premium List upon application by letter, inclosing a postage stamp.

The **SEWING MACHINE** Premium. For 20 subscribers at $2.50 apiece—or for 20 subscribers and $60—we will send Wheeler & Wilson's No. 2 Machine, price $65. By remitting the difference of price in cash, any higher priced machine will be sent.

Every subscriber in a Premium list, inasmuch as he pays $2.50, will get the large Premium Steel Engraving of "Washington at Mount Vernon," or "One of Life's Happy Hours," or "Everett in his Library," as he may prefer.

Our **PREMIUM ENGRAVINGS.** For our Premium Engraving this year we shall give the splendid portrait of Washington, engraved from the celebrated picture by Thomas Hicks, N. A. This is a full length portrait, with Mount Vernon in the background, and is thirty inches long by twenty-one inches wide. No American home should be without a portrait of "The Father of his Country." This engraving, or one of "Edward Everett in his Library," or one of last year's premiums, "One of Life's Happy Hours," if preferred, *will be sent gratis as a Premium (postage paid) to every full ($2.50) subscriber, and also to every person sending a club!*

It will *not* be sent to club subscribers, unless they send one dollar extra.

TERMS. Our terms are the same as those of that well known magazine, THE LADY'S FRIEND—in order that the clubs, and the Premium lists, may be made up of the paper and magazine conjointly when so desired—and are as follows:

One copy (and the large Premium Engraving) **$2.50.**

CLUBS. Two copies, $4; Four copies, $6; Five (and one gratis) $8; Eight copies (and one gratis) $12; Twenty (and one gratis) $28. One copy of THE POST and one of THE LADY'S FRIEND, $4.

Every person getting up either of the above clubs, will receive the Premium Engraving in addition.

☞ Subscribers in British North America must remit *twenty cents* extra as we have to prepay the U. S. postage.

☞ The magazines or papers in a club will be sent to different Post-offices if desired.

☞ The contents of The Post and of The Lady's Friend will always be entirely different.

☞ In remitting, name at the top of your letter, your Post-office, county, and State. If possible, procure a Post-office order on Philadelphia. If a Post-office order cannot be had, get a draft on Philadelphia or New York, *payable to our order.* If a draft cannot be had, send United States notes. Do not send money by the Express Companies, unless you pay their charges.

☞ Specimen numbers of THE POST are sent on receipt of five cents.

Address

HENRY PETERSON & CO.,
319 Walnut St., Philadelphia.

Russian Railway Travelling.

Russian railway carriages are little houses on wheels. In the first, and partly also in the second class, their interior may be described as a saloon, with all the necessaries and some of the elegancies of such an apartment. It is furnished with looking-glasses, heated by porcelain stoves, and lit by lamps and candles. Along the sides soft divans are ranged; the middle is occupied by a mahogany table, and double windows, with red curtains, exclude not only the rude touch of the Russian air, but also the aspect of the wintry sky.

The company sit or lounge about, chatting, reading, or playing cards, chess or dominoes. The day passes pleasantly enough, and as night comes the passengers betake themselves to rest almost as comfortably as at home. By a simple process the divans are made into beds and supplied with pillows by the officious guard.

In the first class the carriages are also provided with second stories, so to say, reached by an elegant staircase and fitted with complete beds; in the second, if there are too many passengers to be accommodated on the divans, part of them are lodged in berths, which take the place of the rack provided in England for hats and caps.

At length every one is snugly ensconced, the ordinary good wishes are exchanged, and it is night in the car. The guard and the driver only keep awake.

During the twenty hours a passenger is whirled along between St. Petersburg and Moscow the train stops twenty times at least.

The stations are elegant buildings, painted red, with broad, white facings round the windows and along the eaves. Without, the very picture of cleanliness, they are well-stocked receptacles of the good things of the world within.—*Moscow Correspondence.*

☞ "Why do you show favor to your enemies instead of destroying them?" said a chieftain to the Emperor Sigismund. "Do I not destroy my enemies by making them my friends?" was the Emperor's noble reply. Kindness is the best weapon with which to beat an adversary.

THE OLD PIONEER.

BY THEODORE O'HARA, OF KENTUCKY.

A dirge for the brave old pioneer!
Knight-errand of the wood!
Calmly beneath the green sod here,
He rests from field and flood;
The war-whoop and the panther's screams
No more his soul shall rouse,
For well the aged hunter dreams
Beside his good old spouse.

A dirge for the brave old pioneer!
Hushed now his rifle's peal—
The dews of many a vanished year
Are on his rusted steel;
His horn and pouch lie mouldering
Upon the cabin door—
The elk rests by the salted spring,
Nor flees the fierce wild boar.

A dirge for the brave old pioneer!
Old Druid of the West!
His offering was the fleet wild deer,
His shrine the mountain's crest.
Within his wildwood temple's space
An empire's towers nod,
Where erst, alone of all his race,
He knelt to nature's God.

A dirge for the brave old pioneer!
Columbus of the land!
Who guided freedom's proud career
Beyond the conquered strand;
And gave her pilgrim sons a home
No monarch's step profanes,
Free as the chainless winds that roam
Upon its boundless plains.

A dirge for the brave old pioneer!
The muffled drum resound!
A warrior is slumb'ring here
Beneath his battle-ground.
For not alone with beast of prey
The bloody strife he waged,
Foremost where'er the deadly fray
Of savage combat raged.

A dirge for the brave old pioneer!
A dirge for his old spouse!
For her who blest his forest cheer,
And kept his birchen house.
Now soundly by her chieftain may
The brave old dame sleep on,
The red man's step is far away,
The wolf's dread howl is gone.

A dirge for the brave old pioneer!
His pilgrimage is done;
He hunts no more the grizzly bear
About the setting sun.
Weary at last of chase and life
He laid him here to rest,
Nor recks he now what sport or strife
Would tempt him further West.

A dirge for the brave old pioneer!
The patriarch of his tribe!
He sleeps, no pompous pile marks where,
No lines his deeds describe.
They raised no stone above him here,
Nor carved his deathless name—
An Empire is his sepulchre,
His epitaph is Fame!

A Game of Chess.

Napoleon had landed at Frejus, in 1815, having successfully escaped from his quasi prison at the island at Elba. At first not much matter was made of it at Paris, but the Emperor's rapid advance and his enthusiastic reception by the country people and the small garrisons on his route, at last created serious alarm. Marshal Ney was despatched with an army to oppose him, and for better precaution an order was issued that no one should be allowed to leave Paris. Now, immediately upon the restoration of the Bourbons, in 1814, the Rothschilds had established a banking house at Paris, with their brother James as its chief, and about the time of Napoleon's landing from Elba they had hoarded nearly fifty million francs (ten million dollars) in the vault of the Paris Branch. James Rothschild became alarmed for the safety of this treasure. He knew that Napoleon would want money and that the bank of the Rothschilds would be the first one plundered. He desired to send a confidential agent to this brother Nathan at London for advice. But to his consternation a passport was refused him, and he was told that he could not leave the city. Relying upon the full restoration of peace with the abdication of Napoleon, the old expedient of their father, carrier-pigeons, had been abandoned, and James was completely at a loss what to do.

This state of things was soon whispered around among the clerks, and even reached the junior employes, one of whom, a sprightly Jew from Hamburgh, caught it up and immediately sent a message to James Rothschild, requesting an interview, which was granted.

"What do you bring me, young man?" inquired James.

"I hear, sir, that you wish to send an agent, in whom you can trust, to London, but that the government refuses all passports," answered the young man, whom we will call William.

"And what is that to you, even if it were so?" asked James, somewhat ill-tempered at the supposed impudence of his young clerk.

"It is this much, sir," replied William, "that I am placed in circumstances which might make it possible for me to go, if you could bring yourself to trust me."

"How is that?" doubtingly continued James.

"I am on intimate terms with a young attache of the British legation. He is a passionate chess-player, and would do almost anything rather than lose an opportunity of playing a game. I saw him to-day, at noon, at the Cafe, and he told me how sorry he was to miss his engagement with me for a game of chess to-night, as he is to be sent to London in the evening with despatches from the Minister to his government. If I had your permission, sir, I might perhaps, arrange it—"

"Try what you can do, William—you have my permission—and let me know at once," interrupted James, and with a wave of his hand dismissed the young man.

William started, and, as if by accident, soon found himself in front of the lodgings of the English attache. The official soon made his appearance, a servant carrying a valise behind him. In conversation, while walking on the street, William told him that Rothschild had given leave of absence to most all of the clerks, as there was nothing in the world for them to do; he enlarged upon his grief, that even his chance of playing a game of chess with his friend would now be gone, and, at last, as if hit by the thought for the first time, he remarked, how interesting it would be if he could accompany the attache for a few miles out of town and play him a game in the carriage on the road, just for the oddity of the thing. The attache would not have been an Englishman if anything odd, out of the common course of things, should not have pleased him. The arrangement was at once made that William should meet the attache at a certain corner by a designated hour that evening, take a seat in the carriage and play a game. William immediately returned to the banking-house and told James Rothschild of his success. He received a short note written in cypher; precise verbal instructions where and how to proceed upon arriving at London; was provided with an abundance of money, and told to leave no means untried to accomplish his purpose. The young man then purchased a board and chessmen such as mariners use at sea, and proceeded to the designated corner, where he had not long to wait. The attache's carriage, drawn by four swift post-horses, drove up, halted but a minute, William got in, and off they started. At the gate, when the sentinel noticed the British Minister's carriage, and the special passport for bearers of despatches, he made no further inquiry, and a moment later the two friends had left Paris behind them, and by the aid of a lantern were arranging the chessmen for this extraordinary game. During the game, it was agreed that William should accompany the attache all the way to Calais, where they would part and from whence the British diplomat could sail to Dover in a boat, always in readiness for a messenger of his minister. Thus they sped on, talking and playing and occasionally sleeping. And the Englishman failed to notice that during one of his sleepy moments the wily William had quietly taken the passport and slipped it into his own pocket. They were yet some miles from Calais, and taking a hasty meal at an inn while changing horses, William succeeded by a heavy bribe, and some plausible story, in winning the postilion to his plan. An hour or so later, being in the midst of a dense forest and on a very bad part of the road, the coach, by the merest accident as it seemed, rolled into a hole and broke an axle. William was ready to help; he would take one of the horses and ride at the top of his speed into Calais and send another carriage, while the attache and the driver might remain and wait. The proposal was innocently accepted and William rode off. Arrived at Calais, he hurried to the quai, found the boat in waiting, produced his passport, was taken on board and the boat immediately sailed with the pretended bearer of dispatches. From Dover he posted as fast as horses could carry him to London, where he arrived about midnight and proceeded at once to the house of Nathan Rothschild, who had already retired for the night. William desired to be taken immediately before the banker, but the servants at first declined, saying that no one was allowed to disturb the rest of their master. When, however, William insisted that he was just from Paris on a most important mission from James Rothschild, they believed it an extraordinary occasion and one of them went up stairs to wake him. Nathan, on being told the cause of the disturbance, ordered the young man to be brought to his bedside. William entered and handed him the cypher. Nathan looked it over and then asked, as if nothing had happened to ripple his equanimity: "And how did you contrive thus quickly to come to London?" William told his story, and when he had finished Nathan called for pen, paper and ink. He evidently made William tell his tale only to gain time for deliberation as to what was best to do to save the money in the vault at Paris, for the cypher from his brother James was a request for advice to that effect, giving also news of the unexpected progress of Napoleon in the south of France. Nathan wrote a few lines, folded, sealed and addressed the letter: "Lord Castlereagh, His Majesty's Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs," and handing it to William he said:

"Take this, young man, and leave it at the Foreign office in Downing street. You will then betake yourself as fast as possible back to Dover, take the first boat you find for Calais and hurry on to Paris. There you will tell my brother to buy all the French paper issued by Louis XVIII. at whatever price he can get it. Have you understood me?"

"Perfectly, sir."

"Then remember what I said, and now be off."

The whole interview did not last over fifteen minutes, and in an hour more, having left the note as directed, William was seated in a carriage travelling toward Dover. Lord Castlereagh is said to have been astonished on reaching his desk in the morning to find a polite note from Nathan conveying the unlooked for intelligence of Napoleon's successful advance on Paris. In the meantime Nathan himself, by his agents and underlings, so influenced the money and stock markets, that before his Lordship had even resolved upon the first step for the British government to take under the circumstances, the House of Rothschild had "discounted" the event to an extent that even the loss of the treasure at Paris would have been made up by the gains at London. Late in the day the attache arrived, but the "exclusive information for the government," of which he was the bearer, had already become the town topic. He was never again employed on a diplomatic errand. William returned safely to Paris and informed James Rothschild of what his brother Nathan had said. James at first mistrusted the memory of the young messenger, but being assured over and over again that the very words were "Buy all the French paper issued by Louis XVIII. at whatever price he can get it," James went to work without delay. Napoleon was within two or three days' march from Paris; Marshal Ney had espoused his cause and surrendered with all his troops; and King Louis was making arrangements to leave. The Bourbon Lily was fast disappearing and the Napoleonic Bee swarmed numerously from its hive. The public debt which the King's short government had incurred was unsaleable, and its holders were despairing. They were glad to take a few cents for every dollar of its nominal value, and Rothschild bought it all.

Napoleon entered the Tuileries in triumph, and his reign of a "hundred days" began by his sending for James Rothschild and asking for money. The banker regretted very much his inability to gratify the wish of his Imperial Majesty, since the Bourbons had completely emptied his chests by forcing their paper on him; if that was of any service to his Imperial Majesty, about two hundred and fifty million francs in nominal value would be placed at his disposal. Of course, Napoleon wanted none of it, and finding it true that the banker had no money, James Rothschild was not further molested. Waterloo, on the 18th of June, 1815, finished Napoleon's European career and restored Louis XVIII. a second time to the throne of the Bourbons. Then Nathan's advice and James's prompt action brought golden harvests. They did not forget young William. As late as 1860 this enterprising and daring messenger was still living, a wealthy banker at Hamburgh and the agent of the Rothschilds.—*Public Spirit.*

Distance of the Sun.

FROM THE LONDON SPECTATOR.

A new Estimate of the Sun's Distance reminds us that this important astronomical element still remains unsatisfactorily determined. The discovery made, not many years ago, that the accepted value of the sun's distance was some three millions of miles too great, was reluctantly admitted by astronomers. It was easy, indeed, to show that they might justly be proud of having determined the sun's distance even within this apparently enormous range of error. But none the less, it was unpleasant to have to admit that they had largely over-valued the accuracy of their calculations—or rather of the observations on which their estimates had been founded.

That astronomers should have been in error on this point, and yet that astronomy should be spoken of as the most exact of the sciences, may seem perplexing to those who are not familiar with the true quality of that exactness which is sought after by astronomers. It resembles in a sort the accuracy of the horologist's art. We know that this is in no way dependent on the scale upon which clocks or watches may be constructed. The great hands which sweep over the dial-plate of a cathedral clock, and the delicate hands of a pocket chronometer, are equally well adapted to indicate the flight of time. And, in like manner, the *scale* of the Solar system might have been many times greater or many times less than it actually is, and yet the planets would have swept on their stately courses precisely as at present.

It may not be amiss to point out briefly what is the nature of the problem astronomers have sought to solve:—

Imagine a prisoner confined within a room which has a single circular window, only six inches in diameter. Suppose him to be provided with accurate instruments, and conceive that directly in front of the window, and somewhat more than a mile off, there is an object—say a steeple—whose distance he wishes to determine. Then a moment's consideration will show that whatever the accuracy of his instruments, and whatever his skill in using them, yet, with his base line of only six inches, he could not expect an error of less than at least half a mile in his result.

The position of such a prisoner corresponds closely with that of the inhabitants of the earth, limited to their little globe, less than 8,000 miles in diameter, as a base from which to estimate the distance of the sun, upwards of ninety millions of miles away.

But in some respects our prisoner is better situated than the inhabitants of the earth. A single observer, using, in one place, a single set of instruments, is not troubled with the numerous important considerations which affect the value of the work done in two observatories situated on opposite sides of the earth. Different observers—each with his peculiar, perhaps variable, "personal equation"—must be employed; or else a single observer, having completed a series of observations in one hemisphere, must commence a new series (when, perhaps, important changes may have occurred in his observing qualities) in another. Different instruments, each with its peculiar "instrumental equation," must be employed, or else the same instrument must be transported at the risk of all sorts of changes in its performance from one to another hemisphere of the globe. Differences of climate have also to be considered. And, in fact, the attempt to obtain any approach to a knowledge of the sun's distance simply by making use of a base line on our small earth may be pronounced absolutely hopeless.

Now, to return for a moment to our prisoner. If there were objects intervening between him and the steeple, and if he had by any means obtained a certain knowledge of the *relative* distances of the steeple and of these objects, it is clear his power over his problem would be greatly increased. Let the reader look from opposite sides of a window at objects unequally distant but nearly in the same direction, and he will immediately see the sort of use our prisoner might make of the knowledge we have spoken of. He may not, indeed, know the exact mathematical principles involved in the problem, nor would this be the place to explain them, but he will see that there is something tangible and appreciable in the new form of observation.

Now, the observer on earth has, at long intervals, an opportunity of grasping at some such aids as we have conceived available to our prisoner. Venus and Mercury occasionally pass between the Earth and Sun, and by observing their transits carefully from different parts of the earth, astronomers have been able to gain juster conceptions of the sun's distance than they could otherwise have obtained. All the difficulties, however, which we have mentioned above are involved in the solution of this form, also, of the problem.

Yet, with no other aid, and with the comparatively inefficient instruments of the last century, astronomers managed to determine the sun's distance with what may fairly be termed wonderful accuracy—certainly within one-thirtieth part of the true distance. This is as if our prisoner should determine the steeple's distance within fifty or sixty yards.

But the astronomers of the present day, using a variety of delicate methods, into whose nature we need not here enter, have arrived at more trustworthy results. It is hoped that during the transits of Venus in 1874 and 1882 these results may be improved upon. Yet, even now, we may note as a great achievement of modern science the following series of values, differing little (proportionately) among themselves, though well separated from the old determination, 95,274,000 miles:—The German astronomer Hansen, making use of a peculiarity in the moon's motion as a guide, was led to the value 91,700,000 miles: Stone, of the Greenwich Observatory, was led by the same means (only the peculiarity was estimated by other instruments,) to the value 92,400,000 miles. Winnecke and Stone, from observations of Mars, obtained, respectively, the values 91,300,000 miles and 91,500,000 miles. Estimates founded on a comparison of the velocity of light as determined by the experiments of Fizeau and Foucault with the astronomical determination, give a value of 91,500,000 miles. A method employed by Leverrier, and founded on a peculiarity of the earth's motion, gives 91,000,000 miles. And lastly, the new estimate obtained by Mr. Simon Newcombe (U. S.,) founded on observations of Mars in 1862, make the sun's distance 92,400,000 miles. The mean of these values is 91,771,000 miles, or nearly 630,000 miles less than the greatest estimate.

From the above results it will be seen that astronomers over-estimated the accuracy of their calculations, when they expressed the sun's distance as if it were known correctly within a thousand miles. But we may justly wonder at the results recorded. Returning to our illustrative prisoner, it is as if his estimates of the steeple's distance differed from their mean by less than fourteen yards.

The Galley-Slaves of France.

The traveller who visits for the first time the city of Toulon, in France, and leaves the dull streets to watch on the quay the busy harbor, is often startled by the sight of a strange-looking vessel which lies at the pier. Chained men, in a coarse garb of red jackets and yellow pantaloons, handle the oars, staring vacantly before them or looking gloomily on the free life displayed around.

These are galley-slaves, the prisoners of the "Bagno," of whom one sees only too many when visiting the monstrous arsenals of the French fleets; for that is their world, within the walls of which stand their prisons. There thousands of them work by the side of the free laborers. With astonishment the eye follows the continual, manifold activity which is everywhere developed in the broad space; but through the noise of the machines, through the din of the hammers, sounds fearfully the rattling of the chains with which the prisoners are loaded.

Truly I felt as if in another world as I, for the first time, looked in upon them. It seemed to me that I had been transported back two centuries to the time when Louis XIV. so brilliantly governed, and Colbert his prime minister, used all possible means to create a French fleet-of-war. The galleys formed at that time the best part of every fleet in the Mediterranean. Being propelled by oars, they could sail against the wind, and were more easily and quickly managed than the clumsy sailing vessels of that time.

It was a grand sight when, from the regular strokes of the oars, they flew over the sea and answered with graceful turns and motions the will of their commander. They were, as a rule, about one hundred and fifty feet long, twenty feet broad, and rose from three to four feet above the water. Commonly they had only one bench of oars, twenty to thirty on each side; but to each oar belonged at least four men, two to row, and two to relieve them. Only special state-ships had several benches of oars, one above the other; for, with every higher bench, the difficulty of rowing increased, and the swiftness thus gained bore no comparison to the expense of men and labor. Carved woodwork, gay colors and streamers adorned today, as also in the earlier times, the proud vessels.

The rowers of the galleys were dressed in red jackets, and the sight of a long line of bright-dressed men animated the picture still more. No one could resist the impression made by a whole fleet of such galleys sailing forth in precise order, thousands of rowers at the word of command elevating perpendicularly their oars in the air, and, as the salute of their peculiar vocation, uttering a kind of howl, which resounded far and wide.

Truly it was a proud, grand sight, but it concealed an endless amount of misery and wretchedness. The rowers of the galleys were miserable slaves, chained to their benches—criminals, who were condemned to this hard labor. It sounds incredible, but it is true—the government admonished the judges to condemn as many persons as possible to the galleys. Colbert himself wrote in this sense to the Intendants of the provinces, and the answer of one such was that he had done as much as possible, "but one could not always have the judges in one's hand." When this means did not suffice, the innocent were next attacked, also prisoners of war, and vagabonds who had been captured by the police. Now exposed to wind and weather they must perform the fearful labor until they sank under it. But they were beautiful ships and to command a galley was a desirable commission, always reserved for noblemen.

The new inventions in ship-building at last made galleys useless for sea service, and since the middle of the last century they have disappeared. Not so the unfortunate slaves. Instead of being chained to the rowers' bench, they have been employed since that time in the harbors and arsenals for the heavy work which is unwillingly given to free laborers. The old, showy costume and the harsh treatment are retained to this day. A glance into the "Bagno" showed us with fearful distinctness how, under the brilliant veil of modern civilization, another world of crime and misery is concealed, whose existence, though commonly overlooked, is none the less true and real.

☞ To persevere in one's duty, and to be silent, is the best answer to calumny.

PROVIDENCE.

My Father leads me, this shall be
The sweetest of all thoughts to me;
Through blighting sorrow, dreary pain,
My cry to Him has not been vain;
For He has let my spirit see
That His dear hand was leading me.

In happy days of joy and light,
When life was fair, and all things bright,
When hope had never known decay,
Nor golden dream had flown away,
How easy then it was to see
That God, in love, was leading me.

But when, where waters darkly flow,
My trembling feet were made to go,
And in their way were forced to press
Upon the flowers I fain would bless,
A harder thing it was to see
That God, in love, was leading me.

But now I clearly see and know
That every separate throb of woe,
Each grief I could not understand
Was but the touch of His dear hand;
That, tenderly, as through the past,
Will lead me safely to the last.

—*Liberal Christian.*

The English Nobility Compared with their Barbarous Ancestors.

BY MATTHEW ARNOLD.

I have in my own mind often indulged myself with the fancy of putting side by side with the idea of our aristocratic class, the idea of the Barbarians. The Barbarians to whom we all owe so much, and who reinvigorated and renewed our worn-out Europe, had, as is well known, eminent merits; and in this country, where we are for the most part sprung from the Barbarians, we have never had the prejudices against them which prevail among the races of Latin origin. The Barbarians brought with them that stanch individualism, as the modern phrase is, and that passion for doing as one likes, for the assertion of personal liberty, which appears to Mr. Bright the central idea of English life, and of which we have, at any rate, a very rich supply. The stronghold and natural seat of this passion was in the nobles, of whom our aristocratic class are the inheritors; and this class, accordingly, have signally manifested it, and have done much by their example to recommend it to the body of the nation, who already, indeed, had it in their blood.

The Barbarians, again, had the passion for field-sports; and they have handed it on to our aristocratic class, who of this passion too, as of the passion for asserting one's personal liberty, are the great natural stronghold. The care of the Barbarians for the body, and for all manly exercises; the vigor, good looks and bright complexion, which they acquired and perpetuated in their families by these means,—all this may be observed still in our aristocratic class. The chivalry of the Barbarians, with its characteristics of high spirit, fine manners and distinguished bearing,—what is this but the beautiful commencement of the politeness of our aristocratic class? In some Barbarian noble one would have admired, if one could have been alive to see it, the rudiments of Lord Elcho. Only, all this culture (to call it by that name) of the Barbarians was an exterior culture mainly; it consisted principally in outward gifts and graces, in looks, manners, accomplishments, prowess; the chief inward gifts which had part in it were the most exterior, so to speak, of inward gifts, those which come nearest to outward ones; they were courage, a high spirit, self-reliance. Far within and unawakened, lay a whole range of powers of thought and feeling, to which these interesting productions of nature had, from the circumstances of their life, no access.

Making allowances for the difference of the times, surely we can observe precisely the same thing in our aristocratic class. In general its culture is exterior chiefly; all the exterior graces and accomplishments, and the more external of the inward virtues, seem to be principally its portion. It now, of course, cannot but be often in contact with those studies by which from the world of thought and feeling, true culture touches us to fetch sweetness and light; but its hold upon these very studies appears remarkably external, and unable to exert any deep power upon its spirit. Therefore the one insufficiency which we noted in the perfect mean of this class, Lord Elcho, was an insufficiency of light. And owing to the same causes does not a subtle criticism lend us to make, even on the good looks and politeness of our aristocratic class, the one qualifying remark, that in those charming gifts there should perhaps be, for ideal perfection, a shade more *soul?*

I often, therefore, when I want to distinguish clearly the aristocratic class from the Philistines proper, or middle class, name the former in my own mind, *the Barbarians;* and when I go through the country, and see this and that beautiful and imposing seat of theirs crowning the landscape, "There," I say to myself, "is a great fortified post of the Barbarians."

HAPPY WOMEN.

Impatient women, as you wait,
In cheerful homes to-night, to hear
The sound of steps that, soon or late,
Shall come as music to your ear;

Forget yourselves a little while,
And think in pity of the pain
Of women who will never smile
To hear a coming step again.

With babes that in their cradle sleep,
Or cling to you in perfect trust;
Think of the mothers left to weep,
Their babies lying in the dust.

And when the step you wait for comes,
And all your world is full of light,
O women, safe in happy homes,
Pray for all lonesome souls to-night!

PHEBE CARY.

☞ The nettle plants, says Schleiden, are the serpents of the vegetable kingdom. The similarity between the instruments with which both produce and poison their wounds is very remarkable.

DOCTOR BARBE-BLEU:

OR,

AN OLD WRONG RIGHTED.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

BY AUGUST BELL.

CHAPTER I.

"What a gloomy old granite heap!" I said to myself, looking out of the window of my lodgings the first day of my arrival at N. I was hoping to have pleasant scenery for my daily prospect, but the green meadows and pretty streams all lay the other side of the house, while on my side there were deep, dark woods, and high hills, and from the darkest, woodiest part of all up rose the huge walls of a gray old castle. For a castle it certainly looked to be, as much as those that stand along the Rhine.

"Pray tell me who lives away up in that grand, dismal place with the two towers?" I said to the rosy-cheeked maid who was bringing in my tea on a tray.

"That place belongs to Doctor Barbe-Bleu," she replied, shrugging her shoulders.

"And does he live there?" I asked, in idle curiosity.

"O, yes, Madame, he lives there, he and his wife. You may see them riding by almost every day together. There they go now!" she exclaimed, stepping quickly to the window at the sound of horses' hoofs. "That is Doctor Barbe-Bleu, Madame, and that is his wife."

I looked down, into the quiet old street, and saw the equestrians coming. The gentleman was a little ahead, mounted on a coal-black horse, which plunged and fretted at the tightly drawn rein. The gentleman was of a stout figure, apparently full fifty years old, and he carried himself with a haughty air, his heavy black eyebrows lowering over his flashing eyes. I could imagine a scornfully curling mouth tightly set, but to imagine was all I could do, for the lower part of his face was completely hidden by the immense thick black beard which in a sort of wavy shagginess reached down to his breast. This beard was so very black that I really believe it might be said to own that rare shade called "purple-black," or "blue-black," the very intensity of jet. At my first glance, I felt a terror of the man, but an instant after, a kindly glance and gesture of his towards his wife disarmed me, and her glad, affectionate smile showed that she at least found him worthy of all love. She, the wife, was a perfect little darling of beauty, with shy merry blue eyes, and dancing curls of golden hair. Her cheeks were flushed pink with exercise, and she urged on her brown pony as if she did not want to be left ever so little behind. They rode by and turned into a road which led through the forest, so we lost sight of them after a moment.

"How did that pretty young creature ever come to love that fierce looking man?" I exclaimed involuntarily, moving away from the window.

"That is what every one wondered when she married him," said the maid, who had an evident acquaintance with the subject.

In fact I soon found that all the town people had their own ideas, more or less correct, about Doctor Barbe-Bleu, and his charming young wife, some declaring that he led her a terrible life up in the dark stone tower, and others saying that he was only too good for such a trifling, wilful chit of a girl. Others who knew them best believed in their perfect happiness, and as I during my stay at N. learned here and there bit after bit of their history, and finally came to know the chief parties themselves, I too formed a theory of my own.

It seemed that the Barbe-Bleus were an old and wealthy family who from time immemorial had in their succeeding generations occupied that great gloomy stone building, and owned the surrounding forests. In the last generation were two sons, the elder being heir to the demesnes, while the other, a youth of strange and moody temperament, went to far-off lands to seek name and fortune. He had a passion for medicine, for chemistry, for singular sciences, and ignorant folk shook their heads when they spoke of him, as if he had made a league with the devil. At last a year of pestilence swept over the country, and while the town people were dying by hundreds, the proud old Barbe-Bleu, the father, was struck down by the fell fate, only two days before his wife. And a week after, the eldest son, the heir, was smitten too. Then the old stone walls looked darker and gloomier than ever, for there was no life there, the whole place waiting locked-up and deserted for the return of the prodigal son, the wild, fitful Barbe-Bleu, last of his race. All this happened years and years ago.

At last he came, and set the town in an uproar, this Doctor Barbe-Bleu, physician, alchemist, astrologer, what you will. He did not come alone to his inheritance, for as his carriage drove through the town, through one of its glass panels peered a sallow, restless face, and a slender little hand impatiently brushed the dust from the pane. That was the last that was seen of her, she never quitted the castle, but somehow a rumor crept about that the Barbe-Bleus, man and wife, lived on wretched terms, that there were violent scenes sometimes behind closed doors, and terrible bitter words. The fact was, poor Doctor Barbe-Bleu had married a vixen. That was his misfortune. Socrates did the same thing. But when ere long the querulous, sickly lady died and found rest, and peace too let us hope, there were not wanting some to whisper that there had been dark work up in the drear old tower, in fact that Doctor Barbe-Bleu in the way of his profession had studied subtle poisons as well as saving remedies. However that might be, he did not seem to be troubled by a guilty conscience, but held himself yet more aloof from every one, wrapped up in his deep studies and wierd experiments. Till at the end of a year, he suddenly left home, was gone a month, and returned with a new bride! A pale, fragile, lily-like creature she was, too frail for the bleak airs and lonely grandeur of her new home, and gently, almost reproachfully, she faded away day by day, till death claimed her also.

Then Doctor Barbe-Bleu grew more reckless, more gloomy, and fiercer than ever, and more than ever the people down in the town shook their heads when his name was mentioned. But he had nothing to do with them, they were never asked to enter his door, his servants were a trained set, brought with him from abroad, as reticent as he, and so his life was absolutely a mystery to his curious neighbors. All night long they could see his light burning up in the high tower where were his library and laboratory, and there was no knowing what wicked incantations might be going on.

More dreadful than all, now and then at long intervals some new fair face appeared peeping from the Doctor's carriage, some new graceful figure would unawares be met in the forest paths, or some merry, trilling song be heard by passers by. At such times the Doctor would seem more like other men, would wear a less gloomy brow, ride oftener through the town on his black horse, and even sometimes be seen in the little church, the one nearest to his estates. But these times never lasted long, the fair face would disappear, the graceful form be met no more, the sweet song heard no more, and then the troubled people shook their heads and murmured under their breath that another wife had been disposed of!

"Upon my word, my dear," said the clergyman's wife as she told me the story, "that poor man could not even have a week's visit from any one of his favorite cousins, (and a fine family they are, too, the Barbe-Bleus of Sussex, half a dozen girls at least,) but what when the visit ended, the whole town was agog, sure that the terrible Barbe-Bleu had made way with another wife. I do certainly believe they have had him married at least seven times!"

So it went on year after year, and Doctor Barbe-Bleu had long left his youth behind him. Moody and irritable at times, and at times with a strange dark patience on his brow, he lived his lonely life in his ancestral halls, seeking no friends, sought of none, but creating a world for himself in his hidden pursuits, whatever they might be. And so he might have been living even to this very day, but for the sweet faith and unsuspecting heart of little Patty Dimock, which took her straight into the lion's jaws.

CHAPTER II.

Mrs. Dimock, the widow of gallant Colonel Dimock, who fell in battle at the Crimea, lived with her two daughters in a pretty country-seat just on the edge of N. She had two sons besides, but they were almost always away from home, one having a commission in the navy, and the other in the army. Mrs. Dimock was a gentle, dignified lady, who wore her black gracefully, and brought up her girls unexceptionably. Anne, the elder, was tall and slender, with a handsome, clear-cut face and an imperious temper; while Patty, the younger, was a happy, sunshiny girl, too heedless and impulsive sometime perhaps, but sweet and sound at heart.

"Patty," said Anne, one bright summer's morning, "let us go out, and try to find some pine-cones. I certainly must get that picture-frame done for Hedley before he has his furlough!"

"With all my heart," said Patty, flinging down a dress she was trimming, "but where can we get them? Our pine-tree was stripped long ago."

"We can go over in Squire Larrimer's park," answered Anne.

"But there is not a pine-tree in it," vetoed Patty, who knew all the neighbors' grounds by heart.

"There is a pine on Sinclair's place, and the Brents have larches," suggested Mrs. Dimock in a languid way, looking up from her morning letters.

"Oh, mamma!" exclaimed Patty, "Lillie Sinclair uses cones a great deal faster than we do; I am sure she needs all hers. And as for the Brents, we wouldn't touch theirs if they begged us to. They make such an ado over everything."

"Very well," said Anne in her decisive manner, "I have heard that there are pines up in the Barbe-Bleu forest, and we will go there and get cones."

"Oh!" cried Patty, "suppose the terrible Barbe-Bleu himself should come out and catch us. I'm afraid to go there, Anne."

"Nonsense!" said Anne, "we shall only go a little way in the forest, and he never walks there. Even if he met us, he would not think of speaking to us. He never speaks to anybody."

Mrs. Dimock made no objection, and Patty was soon kindled to a state of high glee over the daring expedition, while Anne moved about as serenely as if she were going to church. They made a pretty picture as they started off with their baskets, Anne looking so proud and graceful, and Patty with her golden curls blowing about her face, now running a few steps ahead, and then back again to keep by her sister's side.

Gloomy enough the Barbe-Bleu forest looked when they reached its edge, the deep shadows within seemed warning them away, but there was the twitter of a bird's song farther on, and a tempting mossy path through the undergrowth. Anne pushed ahead, intent on cones, and Patty followed close behind, half-timid, half-curious. There were great oak trees, and thrifty maples, walnut trees and chestnut trees, so thickly growing that their boughs interlaced above, but not a pine in sight.

"I suppose the pines grow farther up," said Anne, and they followed the winding path on and on. The tall trees cut off the view so that they did not see how gradually they were drawing nearer and nearer to the old gray castle itself. But in truth it was close at hand.

"Oh, there are larches!" cried Patty at a sudden turn on the path, and they pressed on with new enthusiasm till at last they stood beneath the graceful green boughs loaded down with the rich brown cones.

"Delightful!" exclaimed Anne, and setting down her basket, she began rapidly to pull off the cones with her little white hands. Patty springing up caught hold of one of the lower boughs and drawing it down so that she could climb to a seat upon it, threw herself back on the little green twigs and swung there in careless content.

"Suppose Barbe-Bleu should come and catch you," said Anne threateningly.

Patty laughed a long merry laugh that rang through the glade, and echoed over and over, making her still instantly and half-frightened at her own boldness.

"Hush!" said Anne, growing pale, "I hear a footstep!"

In fact, Doctor Barbe-Bleu was just then taking his morning walk, and hearing the unaccustomed sound of that delicious laugh, he began to look to see where it came from. Stooping under the low branches, and pushing through the undergrowth, his bushy black beard and frowning, shaggy eyebrows, suddenly appeared to the terrified girls, like a dreadful vignette framed in bristling laurel leaves. An instant after, he had emerged entirely, and stood there staring at them.

"We beg your pardon, sir," said Anne discreetly, "we came in search of pine-cones, and if you will let us take home what we have gathered, we will esteem it a favor."

And scarcely waiting for any answer, she took up her basket and beckoned to Patty, determined to beat a retreat as quick as possible. But Doctor Barbe-Bleu, with a gleam in his eyes, quickly stepped before her, and abruptly seizing her basket, said in a voice which was neither harsh nor roaring, but really quite pleasant,

"Allow me, then, young ladies, to accompany you as far as the road. There are many paths in the forest, and it is easy to lose one's way."

And so the terrible Barbe-Bleu had caught them after all, and they found themselves perforce meekly walking along with him under the tall trees. Anne stepped on in stately silence, though her heart beat faster than usual, and Patty tripped after, quickly getting over her alarm, and enjoying the situation. In fact it struck her as so very comical, that in spite of herself she laughed again, that sweet, girlish, ringing laugh.

Barbe-Bleu stopped, and bent his keen eyes upon her.

"So it was you who laughed?" he said simply.

"Yes," said Patty, half-saucily, though she blushed, "I was thinking how funny it seems for us to be walking in your woods with you, and you don't eat us up!"

"Patty!" exclaimed her sister, in reproachful horror, while Barbe-Bleu frowned, but the next moment he laughed, too, and after that there was not so much restraint.

When they reached the road at last, where the basket was to be delivered up, Anne, in a sort of instinctive fear that he would think them two mere adventurers, said with graceful dignity,

"I am sure, sir, that our mother, Mrs. Dimock, will feel very much obliged when we tell her of your kindness."

"Oh, said he, bluntly, yet quite as if he were pleased, "then you are the daughters of poor Colonel Dimock? He was my best friend when we were schoolboys together. He was a brave fellow!"

From that moment Patty liked him; and when with an awkward bow he plunged back into the forest, she and Anne could talk of nothing else but their odd adventure till they reached their own door. And after they went in they had to begin all over again, and tell the whole story to the wondering Mrs. Dimock.

"I remember," she said, musingly, "your father would always say there was more good in Doctor Barbe-Bleu than people gave him credit for. But he is a very singular man."

Next day there were sent from the castle a basket of fresh, perfect pine cones, and another basket of delicious hot-house grapes, with a card addressed "To the daughters of my old friend."

Ah, Barbe-Bleu was a sly fox after all; he knew how to send a gift so that it could not be refused. The next day more grapes came, and a profusion of lovely flowers.

"Dear me, it must be a palace of delight up there," said Anne, as she dropped grape after grape into her mouth.

"Isn't he generous!" said Patty.

The next day, Doctor Barbe-Bleu himself came, "to pay his respects to the widow of his old friend," and though Mrs. Dimock confessed that she could not understand his nature at all, still she could not deny that he appeared honest and friendly. Ah, the poor Doctor! cannot you guess what had happened to him? He could not forget the two fair faces that shone upon him so suddenly in the forest—he could not forget that sweet, ringing laugh. He wanted to hear it again, and again.

"Upon my word," exclaimed Anne, one day, when more japonicas and roses came; "I do believe the man is in love with one of us. Which can it be? Would *you* marry old Barbe-Bleu, Patty?"

"No, indeed!" said Patty, quickly.

But one day before long, Mrs. Dimock sought her daughters with a grave, troubled face, an open letter in her hands. Doctor Barbe-Bleu had written, asking the hand of her youngest daughter in marriage.

"And it is really a very kind letter," said the poor lady, "he addresses me with the greatest consideration, and offers the most generous settlements. But it is of no use. How can I soften the refusal so as not to wound him?"

"Why need you refuse him at all, mamma," said Anne, dryly; "it is a very fine chance for Patty. See how she blushes over it!"

Mrs. Dimock looked inquiringly at her youngest daughter. Patty shrank back, and said, confusedly,

"Oh, no, mamma, I never could marry him. He is so old, and so fierce and gloomy. And it is just like a dark prison up there! Besides, I scarcely know him at all; and I don't want to marry him!"

"Very well," said her mother, sighing, "I will write to him that you do not feel sufficiently acquainted with him to entertain his proposals."

"*I* wouldn't marry him," said Anne, "his wives disappear mysteriously, you know!" And she laughed provokingly, while poor Patty felt more like crying.

That evening, Patty stood sadly at the window, looking up at the forest, and the dark outline of the tower against the moonlit sky, when Anne came up, and in her gentle sarcastic voice, said,

"What, moping because there will be no more grapes and roses?"

"No, indeed," replied Patty, stoutly; "but I am sorry to have made an old friend of papa's feel badly."

"Oh," said Anne, laughing, "the old friend knows how to take good care of himself! He has just been here to tell mamma, that in order for you to become better acquainted with him, he invites us all to pass the day with him at the castle, and he will invite all the gentry about here also, and make a grand fete of it, to convince you that the castle is not so gloomy a place as you may have thought it. There's chivalry for you, my dear; indeed, if it were not for the ghosts of the wives, I think one might really live quite comfortable with rich old Barbe-Bleu!"

"You ought not to talk about him so," said Patty, indignantly.

CHAPTER III.

So there was a fete-day at the Barbe-Bleu castle; and great was the curiosity and smothered excitement among those who so unexpectedly found themselves there. Besides the Dimocks, there were Squire Larrimer, and all his family; Lillie Sinclair, and her brother; the Brents; the Hallams; the Rector, and his wife; and a number more, comprising all in fact whose good opinion Mrs. Dimock would be likely to prize. The castle doors were thrown wide open; the rarest flowers were heaped up everywhere in such profusion that their subtle fragrance pervaded all the place; musicians were playing both in-door and out; and both the hall and the lawn before the entrance were prepared for those who chose to dance. The guests wandered up and down at their will, wondering and admiring; everywhere the noiseless servants were ready to wait upon them, and their kind host exerted himself to make the day a bright one to all. For the gentlemen, there were billiard-tables and choice cigars; and the ladies were free to examine and admire the choice china and silver, and the costly upholstery. There were libraries full of books, there were glowing carpets softer than six inches deep of moss would have been, there were marble statues in the corners, and dainty frescoes over all the walls and ceilings, with carved work wrought by a master hand. Every few minutes, delicious iced sherbets were served to the guests wherever they might be scattered, and tiny cups of coffee with pure fragrant aroma. Then in the middle of the afternoon, there was the grand banquet to which all assembled in the spacious dining-hall, and at which the host presided. The courses were magnificent, the wine most precious; and there was scarcely a person there that day who did not extol Barbe-Bleu to the skies, and who did not envy him a little too. Nothing was heard or seen of his mysterious studies and strange experiments; in fact, no one was invited to go up into the tower, but that they did not remember till afterwards. Great was the curiosity felt among the guests as to what had moved the Doctor to prepare this fete; but no one knew except himself and the Dimocks, and they kept their own counsel.

"Patty, I'll never forgive you if you don't take him after this," whispered Anne, at every new surprise and delightful display. But Patty felt bewildered and uncomfortable—it seemed strange and unreal to her; and Doctor Barbe-Bleu had hardly spoken to her since they came. Mrs. Dimock was highly gratified by all she saw, and the Doctor's possessions threw such a glamor over him in her eyes, that he seemed to her as young and handsome and winning as a fairy prince. She only wished her sons were there too to see all this splendor; and in her own mind she determined that Patty must never be allowed to throw such a chance away.

"I wonder where his wives are buried," whispered Frank Sinclair to Anne Dimock, but she discreetly pursed up her pretty lips and bade him not to jest on such topics. For her part she was not at all sure that Doctor Barbe-Bleu had ever been married at all. It was growing dark, and curious lanterns were hung up in the trees, and all the guests were gathered on the great stone steps before the castle to see the display of fireworks which was about beginning, when Doctor Barbe-Bleu came suddenly to where Patty was standing alone, and drawing her arm in his, led her to one of the deep alcoves in the parlor, where screened by the heavy curtains they could remain undisturbed.

"I hope you have had a pleasant day," he said in his abrupt manner.

"Yes, sir," answered the young girl, looking rather wearily up at a rocket.

"Does the castle seem so very gloomy now you have seen it?" he asked.

"O, no, not gloomy," said Patty, dreading what questions might come next.

"And so you don't feel acquainted with me?" was the next question.

"No, that I don't!" said Patty, glancing up for a moment in the old arch way that had charmed him so much.

"Dear child," he said, rather awkwardly, but that Patty did not mind, "if you should know me better, you would know a man whose life has been thwarted and darkened, a man whose heart was once warm, but it has been wounded and battered till it has grown hard in self-defence, a man who feels that all his mistakes might be retrieved and his life made good and pure, if the love he seeks for should come now to bless it, if this little hand might lie in his for all the years to be."

And having finished his speech, Barbe-Bleu waited for his answer.

Patty's tender little heart was touched, and in her sweet compassion almost before she thought, she laid her small, white hand in his broad palm, and did not draw it away again.

That night when the Dimocks reached home, Mrs. Dimock and Anne were prepared to assail Patty with a thousand arguments, entreaties, and commands, to accept the princely Barbe-Bleu. But in the very beginning of the attack she took them completely by surprise, by quietly stating that she had already promised to become his wife.

The town was in a flutter. Those who were guests at the fete, applauded and congratulated; those who had not been invited, were full of dark and malicious hints, which they whispered diligently in every ear. They said that Patty Dimock had better be shriven at her bridal, for there was no knowing how long Barbe-Bleu would suffer her to live. They hinted very plainly that his wealth alone induced her to sacrifice herself, and she would find it a dear bargain at that.

Mrs. Dimock and Anne held their heads very high, and would listen to nothing of all this; while Patty, dear child, was perfectly unconscious of the townspeople's gossip, she was so taken up with the new,

strange life unfolding before her, and the constant devotion of her bridegroom-elect.

Doctor Barbe-Bleu wished the marriage to take place at once; and there was really nothing to prevent, except that Patty would have liked to wait till her brothers came home on a furlough. But he told her she would see much more of them, if her wedding-trip was completed before they arrived, than if they were only present to see her married and to say good-bye. So the objections were all smoothed away, and little Patty Dimock became Doctor Barbe-Bleu's wife.

They went off on a short pleasure-trip, visiting many beautiful and renowned places, which Patty had longed to see; but hastening through them all, by mutual consent, longing most for the quiet of their own castle home. It was early in the fall, when the Barbe-Bleu travelling-carriage drove rapidly through N., and Patty's sweet face peeped out eagerly, nodding to every friend she saw, till they turned into the ascending road leading up to the castle.

"Now we shall see, we shall see!" muttered the gossips.

CHAPTER IV.

"Mamma," said Anne Dimock at breakfast one morning, "here is a note from Patty, and she wants me to come right up to the castle to stay with her till Doctor Barbe-Bleu comes back. He is obliged to go away suddenly on business, and tells her to invite what company she pleases. I shall go of course, mamma?"

"Of course," said Mrs. Dimock, "make haste and pack up whatever you will need. I am very glad you are going to be with Patty alone, for I long to hear from the dear child's lips whether she is perfectly happy."

"Whether in fact there is any danger of her disappearing mysteriously yet," said Anne with a slight laugh.

"How can you say such things, Anne?" remonstrated her mother with a shudder. But Anne only laughed again, and went to get her clothes ready for the visit, after which she sat down to wait for the Barbe-Bleu carriage.

Doctor Barbe-Bleu's journey was indeed sudden. It was only the evening before that he had told Patty he must go, and would be detained two or three weeks perhaps.

"But what shall I do, all alone, dear?" said Patty with a childish pout.

"You must try to enjoy yourself, darling; invite some of your friends here, and live as happily as possible."

"And you'll come back as quick as you can?" she asked.

"Indeed I will, my pet. And now look here, for I must leave my keys with you, and you may use them to explore wherever you please. Here are the keys of the two great store-rooms; here those for the gold and silver plate which is not used every day; here the keys of my strong boxes, where I keep my gold and silver; here those of my caskets, where my jewels are; and this is the master-key to all the rooms. But this little key is to the small room at the end of the passage on the ground floor. Examine everything, go everywhere else, but on no account open that little room. Do not ask me why, it is for your own happiness, and it would grieve me very much if you should disregard my wishes. You *must not* use the little key!"

"Do you forbid me, dear lord and master?" asked Patty, laying her hands fondly on his broad shoulders. Barbe-Blue smiled, and then looked grave again.

"Yes, dear, I forbid you," he said gently, and then he kissed her and handed her the great bunch of keys. How pretty she looked as she took them from him, with mock importance. It seemed to him that he had never seen her so sweet before, as now when he must leave her. She stood before him in her blue silk with boddiced waist, her golden hair half bound up and half falling loose in little curls upon her neck, the fairest creature he had ever seen, and all his own.

The next morning after many embraces he set out on his journey, and about an hour after that Anne came. She was all eagerness to see the splendors of Patty's home, and Patty was glad to gratify her, so taking the keys they went from room to room. They ran through the chambers, the closets, the store-rooms, each of which seemed more rich than the others. There were such beautiful tapestries, such stately beds, and such richly carved tables, and graceful little stands. Old paintings that would have made a connoisseur rave, exquisite statuary and bronzes—Cupids holding aloft great portfolios of engravings, caryatides supporting the marble mantels—shining mirors, in which they could see themselves full length, framed in gold and silver. Then the great arm-chairs and elegant sofas, covered with satin and brocade, were a constant invitation to Anne and Patty to nestle down among their soft pillows for a luxurious chat.

"Now let us examine the wardrobes," said Patty. "I have not seen them myself yet."

So they unlocked one after another, taking down and admiring all the magnificent velvets and stiff silks that the dead and gone ladies Barbe-Blue for generations back had rejoiced in. Anne and Patty tried them on by turns, walking up and down before the tall mirrors, looking now like court-dames of the fourteenth century, and now like Queen Elizabeth's ladies.

"My husband said I might do as I pleased with everything," said Patty, "so, sister Anne, you shall keep that black velvet dress you have on. It is so becoming, and fits as if it were made for you."

This made Anne feel highly good-natured, and she determined to wear the dress all day, while Patty, not to be outdone, put on a robe of beautiful shimmering sea-green silk, from which her sweet face rose like the white calla lily from its shrouding green leaves.

So the day flew swiftly by, and there were many things yet to be seen which they had to postpone to the morrow. In the evening the sisters sat together in Patty's room talking over the old times and the new.

"Whoever thought it would come to this," said Patty laughing, "when we trespassed in the forest after pine-cones."

"And how stupid we were to be afraid of Doctor Barbe-Bleu," replied Anne. "By-the-way, Patty, have you ever been up in the tower where his light used to be seen burning all night?"

"Oh, yes," said Patty, "there is nothing but a study and a laboratory. He keeps his medical books, and tries experiments. That's all it is."

"I shouldn't wonder if Hedley and Guilbert should come any day," said Anne, suddenly remembering her brothers, "it is time for their furloughs."

"Oh, how splendid that will be!" exclaimed Patty, clapping her hands. So they chatted away until late in the night, and then went to sleep with their arms around each other, just as they used to do when they were children together.

The next day they resolved to open the caskets which held the family jewels, and a fascinating treat it was. There in their soft velvet beds lay sets of turquoise, and of amethyst, rubies and great red carbuncles, bracelets and wreathen work of old gold, and a full set, tiara, necklace and all, of pearls, and another of diamonds. With what exclamations of delight did they revel in all these treasures. But at length even that novelty became wearisome, and in perfect satiety of luxury Patty smothered a yawn.

"What does this little key belong to?" asked Anne, taking up the bunch.

"Oh, that?" said Patty starting, "that belongs to a private room of my husband's which he does not wish me to open."

"Ahn!" said Anne suspiciously, "now that is the very room I should want to see most of all."

"Oh, no!" replied Patty, shaking her head, "I would not look into it for the world."

But for all that, an insatiable desire began to possess her to know what the room contained. Why had Barbe-Bleu forbidden it! There surely could be nothing there to harm her. She might just peep in a little way, and he would never know. These thoughts kept creeping into her mind, and though she tried to forget them, at every pause in the conversation they would recur to her again. And there hung the little key so temptingly just where she could easily slip it off the bunch, without even Anne's noticing her. At last, under pretence of going to order a lunch, she slipped out of the room with the little key in her hand, and away she sped down the stairs, and through the passage, till she stood at the very threshold of the chamber. There, as she paused a moment, she seemed to hear her husband's grave voice as he said:

"It would grieve me if you should disregard my wishes. You *must not* use the little key!"

"Ah, he is so good, and I love him dearly," she murmured, hesitating; but even as she stood there the key seemed almost of itself to turn in her hand, and the door flew open. The shutters of the room were closed, so it was quite dark; but as her eyes grew accustomed to the gloom, she took two or three steps inside, and looked cautiously around. Oh, horrible! against the wall, there hung two, three, yes, seven bleached and ghastly skeletons. As she turned, in a shiver of faintness and affright, to leave the room, her trembling fingers dropped the key; and in trying to find it again, a deadly horror seized her, and she screamed and swooned away upon the floor.

Anne heard the shriek, and running swiftly to seek her sister, found poor Patty in a lifeless heap on the threshold of the little chamber. Her quick wit comprehended at once that this was the forbidden room, and hastily dragging her sister out, she picked up the key and locked the door—not however, before seeing the dreadful contents of the apartment. She shuddered from head to foot.

"These then," she thought in terror, "are those former wives of Barbe-Bleu who so mysteriously disappeared!"

As Patty began to revive, she supported her away from the fatal spot; and once upstairs again in their luxurious chamber, they strove to collect their thoughts. Anne whispered her dreadful doubts to Patty—but Patty, though terribly shaken and nervous, would not believe one word against her husband.

"No, there is some mistake, there is some mistake," she kept repeating over and over. "Oh, if I had only obeyed Barbe-Bleu, and never touched the little key!"

But these regrets came too late; and the unhappy sisters, trembling with vague alarm as the night drew on, hovered together by the bright fire, and tried to keep up each other's courage.

"My advice," said Anne, "is, that you don't tell Barbe-Bleu that you unlocked the door!"

"I will not at once," said Patty; "but I will try to get him to tell me about the room; and then if he explains it all, I will tell him how I disobeyed."

The pale faces and cowering forms of the two sisters were but a sorry welcome to Doctor Barbe Bleu, as he suddenly opened the door and stood before them. It seems that he had been met on his journey by a messenger, who told him that the business on which he was going was already satisfactorily settled, and there would be really no need of his presence. So Doctor Barbe-Bleu joyfully retraced his way homeward, thinking, with a smile, what a pleasant surprise it would be to his little wife.

He strode softly up the stairs, and along the corridor, and flinging open the door, strode into the room, his great blue-black beard roughened by the wind, and his eyes gleaming with fun. If his wife and sister-in-law looked more terrified than rejoiced at this startling arrival, he did not appear to notice it.

"What a delightful surprise!" exclaimed Anne, who was first to recover composure, for she had really a fine talent for diplomacy.

"What a delightful surprise!" quavered Patty, like a poor little echo; but when Barbe-Bleu lifted her in his strong arms and kissed her, she nestled her head down on his shoulder with a momentary feeling that here after all was her protector, and that he would take care of her.

Then Anne rang for a hot supper to be brought, and they all sat down, and chatted gayly. Doctor Barbe-Bleu had also another little surprise for his wife. He had stopped a moment at her mother's door on his way to the castle, thinking perhaps Patty might be there, and Mrs. Dimock had given him a note for her daughter, which said that Hedley and Guilbert had just come home on their long-desired furlough, and were all impatience to see their sisters, so Patty might expect them very early the next morning. Anne and Patty exchanged glances, after reading this note, and then Patty felt provoked to think she should have glanced at her sister so meaningly, for it seemed to imply a distrust of her husband, and she drew closer to his side.

So the evening passed off very pleasantly after all. But the next morning all Patty's tremors revived, when Doctor Barbe-Bleu asked for his bunch of keys. After a moment's hesitation, she produced them. But that terrible Barbe-Bleu saw that her hand trembled, and he at once guessed what had happened.

"How is it, my dear," he asked, very kindly, "that the key of the small apartment is not among the rest?"

Now when Anne had locked the door of that dreadful room, in her haste and trepidation she had dropped the key in her pocket, and neither she nor Patty had thought to replace it on the bunch.

"Is it not there?" replied poor Patty, as if surprised, "then I must have left it upstairs on my table."

"Be so good as to get it for me then, my dear," said Barbe-Bleu, with a forced calmness of manner which only alarmed her the more.

She ran up-stairs and hurriedly told Anne what had occurred. Anne, concealing her dismay, drew the key from her pocket; when, as if to add to their uneasiness, they espied a deep, dark stain upon one side of it which neither remembered seeing when it hung upon the bunch. They dipped it in a silver bowl of water that stood near, and rubbed it with the finest soap, but all in vain, for the stain remained as visible as ever.

"Oh," said Anne, how I wish our brothers would come!"

When Patty dared delay no longer, she took the key to her husband. He looked down upon her fondly as she stood before him in her pretty tremors and blushes, but after he had examined the key, his brow became troubled.

"How came this stain upon it, my love?" he asked gravely. And Patty could only falter forth that indeed she did not know.

"Then I am afraid I can tell you," said Doctor Barbe-Bleu. "Have you not paid a visit to the forbidden chamber?"

Poor little Patty burst into tears, and clinging to her husband she hid her face on his bosom, and trembling and sobbing confessed all that she had done. For a moment there was an ominous silence, and then Doctor Barbe-Bleu putting her gently from him, said with a sigh:

"Then I must explain it all to you, Patty, which I never meant to have to do. You must have thought it very singular to find such a chamber of horrors?"

"Yes," whispered Patty, shivering.

Then the honest, blundering Barbe-Bleu told her all about it. He told her how during the long years of his seclusion from the world, which had made him gloomy, moody and unsocial, he had devoted himself to the mysterious delights of his profession, making deep researches into the unknown, poring over ancient dingy volumes of Esculapius and Paracelsus, up in his lonely tower. Sometimes, dipping into alchemy, he had spent whole nights watching intently the seething crucible upon the hot fire, with its costly contents. Sometimes he was wholly absorbed in studying the human frame, hoping to make some new discovery to benefit the world. And it was for this that he had procured those bleached skeletons from his old medical college, each representing a different race, to assist him in his speculations. These were the pursuits he lived for, in these his very soul had been wrapped up.

"Then what made you hide them in that little room?" asked Patty, who was fast recovering her pretty, coaxing ways.

So Doctor Barbe-Bleu with a penitent caress told her how afraid he was that his little bride, his new-found treasure, would learn to fear him and to shrink from him if he kept up those strange pursuits after they were married; he did not wish to keep anything in his favorite tower that would make his darling dislike to enter it, and he thought that she, so child-like and unscientific, might be nervous at night sometimes if she knew those skeletons were under the same roof with her. So he had ordered all these uncanny things to be carried down and stored away in that little room on the ground floor, the skeletons, the crucible, and many of the acids and other chemicals which he never meant to use again. There they were to remain locked up, and he had never intended that she should discover the contents of the room. All this story Doctor Barbe-Bleu told quite humbly, half-afraid that Patty even now would take a dislike to him.

"Then I should just like to know, sir, why you left the key on the bunch with all the rest?" she said archly, pulling his whiskers.

"I was going to take it off," he replied meekly, "and then it seemed like distrusting you, so I put it back again, and asked you not to use it."

Patty laughed that sweet, happy laugh, that was always music to her husband's ears. She laughed so loud that Anne, who was trembling up-stairs, heard it, and gathering courage came down to see how things were going on. At the sight of her pale face, Patty laughed still more, and then suddenly controlled herself, lest Barbe-Bleu should begin to be curious and find out what dark suspicions Anne had entertained. Then Doctor Barbe-Bleu explained it all over again to Anne, and the second explanation was much easier than the first.

"But what stained the key?" said Anne, after the first sensation of relief.

"O, that was done by some acid," replied the Doctor carelessly. "You will probably find a broken bottle that held some on the floor, if you wish to look. I remember hearing something fall as I came out the other day."

But Anne did not wish to look. She was quite content. Only she expressed a desire to visit forthwith the haunt up in the tower, where her brother-in-law had spent so many hours. So the three ran gayly up the circling stairs, reaching at last the quiet, comfortable study of Doctor Barbe-Bleu. Patty began to dust the books with a pretty, housewifely air, while Anne having looked around sufficiently, opened a narrow door and found another tiny staircase, which she was told led out on the very top of the tower.

"How splendid!" she exclaimed. "I am going right up to view the prospect, and maybe I shall see Hedley and Guilbert coming!"

So up the staircase she disappeared, and Patty went on dusting books till the Doctor stopped her with a kiss.

"O, fie!" she said, shaking her curly head at him, and then she called out loudly, "Anne, sister Anne, do you see anybody coming?"

And Anne replied, though the wind almost blew her words away, "I see nothing but the bright sun and the waving tree-tops."

"She couldn't see them if they *were* coming," said Barbe-Bleu.

"O, yes she could," said Patty, and she called out again, "Anne, sister Anne, do you see anybody coming?"

"I see," replied Anne, "a great cloud of dust moving this way."

"Is it Hedley and Guilbert," asked Patty.

"Dear me, no," cried Anne, who began to be impatient, "it is only some sheep, after all."

Barbe-Bleu and Patty laughed, and then Patty said she was afraid Anne would take cold up there in the wind, and she meant to hurry her down, so she called out again,

"Anne, sister Anne, do you see anybody coming yet? If you don't, do come down, it is cold up there."

But Anne replied gayly,

"I see two horsemen coming up the hill. I know it is Hedley and Guilbert, and I am going to wave my handkerchief to make them ride faster."

But Barbe-Bleu and Patty, when they heard that the brothers were really coming, hurried down from the tower to be ready with a welcome. They met them at the castle door, and Patty, blushing with her new honors, introduced her brothers to her husband with such a pretty air of pardonable pride that they all loved her more than ever. Then Anne too appeared, and the whole party spent a merry, happy day together, Barbe-Bleu in his hospitality treating his guests so well that his new brothers-in-law at once voted him a capital fellow and as generous as a prince.

Since then there have never been any more secrets, any more doubts, but Doctor Barbe-Bleu and his beautiful little wife seem to grow more devoted to each other every day, so that after all his stormy life he is at last a perfectly happy man. He lavishes upon her everything that heart can wish, and to their stately and magnificent home their few true and tried friends are always welcome.

But the old distrust still lurks among the town's people. You may hear it whispered as persistently as ever through all the undercurrents of society. And even the simple and touching incidents which I have here related to you have been distorted by Rumor into a base calumny, which is creeping into every ear. Well might Virgil say, though centuries ago:

"Fama, malum, quo non aliud velocius ullum:
Mobilitate viget, viresque acquirit eundo."

But the Barbe-Bleus hear little of all these things, and perhaps would only smile at them if they heard more. Yet it is none the less an injustice, and I, who during my sojourn at N. have so thoroughly learned the goodness and nobility of this charming pair, cannot refrain from doing what I feel to be my duty in setting forth the facts contained in this narrative. So, to the best of my small power at least, the old wrong shall be righted.

Food.

Bellows, in his "Philosophy of Eating," says:—

"So perfectly ignorant are people generally of the laws of nature, that they give their pigs the food which their children need to develope muscle and brain, and give their children what their pigs need to develope fat. For example: the farmer separates from milk the muscle-making and brain-feeding nitrates and phosphates, and gives them to his pigs in the form of buttermilk, while the fattening carbonates he gives to his children in butter. He sifts out the bran and outer crust from the wheat, which contains the nitrates and phosphates, and gives them also to his pigs and cattle, while the fine flour, containing little else than heating carbonates, he gives to his children. Cheese, which contains the concentrated nutriment of milk, is seldom seen on our tables, while butter, which contains not a particle of food for brain or muscle, is on every table at all times of day.

"Bread, light, sweet, delicious, and eminently wholesome, may be made by mixing good unbolted wheat meal with cold water, making a paste of proper consistence, which can only be determined by experiments, pouring or dropping it quickly into a heated pan—that with concave departments is best—and placing it quickly in a hot oven, and baking as quickly as possible without burning. The heat of the oven and pan suddenly coagulates the gluten of the outside, which retains the steam formed within, and each particle of water being interspersed with a particle of flour, and expanded into steam, separates the particles into cells, and being retained by the gluten, which is abundant in this natural flour, till it is cooked, the mass remains porous and digestible, and, containing no carbonic acid gas, is wholesome when eaten immediately, and of course equally so on becoming cold."

☞ M. Worms, who is playing the part of Armand Duval in the play known as Camille, at St. Petersburg, received recently a bouquet enclosing a ring, a pin, and a set of shirt buttons, of the value of four thousand dollars, with a note saying only, "To Armand Duval, from his Margaret." The actor sent them back by the bearer, with the message, "I am not Armand Duval, I do not know Margaret, and I have a wife." The sender of the present was a lady of high rank, and M. Worms knew who she was.

☞ Some five years ago, an English gentleman imported from England into Canada some specimens of a small yellow butterfly, (Picris oloracrea.) These have propagated so rapidly that specimens were caught last year in Lewiston, Maine, and in Montpelier, Vermont.

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Coloring a Meerschaum.

Bayard Taylor has been visiting Ruhla, in Germany, a place remarkable for the manufacture of meerschaums. Mr. Taylor gives the figures showing the number made, etc., and adds: You will see from these figures that only one meerschaum in ten is genuine. Nine smokers out of ten, therefore, will strain their cheeks and trouble their souls in desperate efforts to obtain a color, which, alas, they can never get. They may obtain a beautiful brown, or chocolate hues, and rejoice over them, but it will not be like the song of the linch, the realization of an established ideal.

I have heard a hundred theories in regard to the coloring of meerschaums. It should be smoked in a case—without a case—never touched with the hand—rubbed with the hand—slowly at intervals—always kept burning—in a still room—out of doors; in short, there is no end to the instructions. Now, either the pipe is the servant or friend of the man, or the man is the slave of the pipe, and the former relation seems to me preferable. Life is too short and too valuable to devote to a half inch of color, which only a few persons can appreciate.

So I asked the manufacturers, who ought to know best, how a pipe could be most easily and successfully colored, and I give their answer for the benefit of many aspiring young Americans. "It makes little difference," they said, "provided the bowl is not touched by the hand while it is warm. As a general thing, it is better not to smoke a new bowl to the bottom. The color is surer to be fine when not produced too rapidly, but the main thing is that the meerschaum should cool without being touched. This is the only use of smoking with a bowl in a case; exposure to the air does no injury."

☞ A teacher of an Episcopal school in Hartford advised his boys to sacrifice something during Lent. They retired, deliberated, and decided to sacrifice—hash!

☞ Unhappy couples in Canada have to advertise six months before they can obtain a divorce. Good for the newspapers, if unpleasant for the divorcés.

☞ Sparta, Wisconsin, has carried off the palm for cold this winter, reaching the lowest point ever felt in the United States—fifty-one degrees below zero. No one but a Spartan could stand that temperature.

☞ Texas is reported to have five million head of cattle at present, and to be perfectly willing to supply the entire country with beef and hides.

☞ The daughter of a man employed on the roads near Pesth, in Hungary, and who resided in a cottage between Alt-Ofan and Uerum, has just confessed, in a fit of remorse, that in concert with her father she had committed not less than sixteen murders during the last ten years, for the purpose of robbing their victims. Seven skeletons had already been discovered by the authorities, and information given by the young woman had led to the finding of the nine others. Rather a left-handed illustration of the old proverb, "Murder will out."

☞ The Newburyport (Mass.) Herald, of Wednesday, says: "On Monday our citizens had a chance of seeing how things are done in New Hampshire. A candidate for office, just over the line, was here early in the morning, with a suite of twenty-two men. They were carried to the stores where caps, boots and shoes, paper collars, calico, &c., were sold, and then headed for the depot to take the 9 o'clock train, very much improved in their outward fixings, and having in their hands little presents for their wives and children."

☞ A gentleman being asked by a clergyman why he did not attend the evening prayer meetings, said he could not leave the children. "What! have you no servants?" "Yes," he replied, "we have two servants who keep the house and board us, but we are allowed few privileges."

Rules of City Life.

In riding in the city cars never offer your fare to the conductor till he holds his hand out for it, and that so near you that you know he will take it immediately on presentation; by this means you will save your arm much fatigue, and not have the mortification of having him refuse it until he gets ready to take it.

Have change, the exact, if possible, so as to avoid his giving you a large lot of greasy stamps, which is their invariable custom if they can do it.

If possible, always avoid a person who makes it a rule to occupy two seats by sitting sideways.

Never refuse a handbill or circular in the street—carry it a yard or so, then drop it. You thereby avoid being injured by a blow of the giver's hand in the breast or stomach. Many have been seriously injured by this.

Blacking your own boots saves expenses, but more particularly the nuisance of a crowd of other professionals who flock around, asking how much the boy is getting for his job, and frowning at you if he is working under prices; doing it yourself also insures its being done well.

If you board, be strictly private in your devotions. Landladies have been known to raise on a young man caught praying loud, thinking, of course, he was a hypocrite.

Never offer to give less than you are charged in making purchases, except among strangers; acquaintances will certainly cheat you the first chance they get, to make up.

Never bet. Nine times out of ten men who offer a bet desire to take advantage of your ignorance in some way or other. You are sure of safety by not wagering.

Never argue. Listen to an arguer till he subsides, which will be much quicker than if you encourage him. Besides, no man who is self-willed is worth the trouble of convincing.

Never get too close behind those gentlemen who carry canes horizontal with the sidewalk and flourish them forward and back at every step. This will prevent your eyes from being punched out, which no apology of his could restore.

In riding in an omnibus, always, if possible, get a seat near or next to the horses. Here you are safe from the nuisance of handing up the fare for every lazy dolt, and if the day be wet, escape the drippings of all who would otherwise pass you; also the feet of all who will insist upon crowding in the stage when full. An avoidance of these makes the dust from the driver's feet bearable.

Never inquire your way of a policeman—they rarely know anything; always select a civilian who appears at leisure. Never ask a Dutchman; they will invariably make you more trouble than give assistance.

Always take an observation of the wind when passing the ash man, and act accordingly. Far-seeing is here very necessary. Dust travels fast.

Never talk politics; gentlemen never do this. Being a warm partizan on either side may affect your reputation for honesty. Politicians are generally rogues. "A man is known," etc.

Great care should be exercised in giving gratuities to chambermaids and waitresses. Presents to the children of your landlady will often be found more advantageous, and it is attended with no unpleasant suspicions.

In visiting young ladies, generally take candy. It is a capital thing to fall back on in case of future rapture. You can then indirectly allude to your generosity.

The writer is confident that a careful reading of these rules will enable a person of ordinary good sense to adopt impromptu ones for any extraordinary occasion where his patience or pocket may be threatened.

Mourning Customs.

The ancients had queer ideas about mourning for their dead. The Egyptian women ran through the streets crying, with their bosoms exposed and their hair disordered. The Lycians regarded mourning as unmanly, and compelled men who went into mourning to put on female garments. In Greece, when a popular general died, the whole army cut off their hair and the manes of their horses. At the present day, the Arabian women stain their hands and feet with indigo, which they suffer to remain eight days. They also carefully abstain from milk during this time, on the ground that its white color does not accord with the gloom of their minds. In China, the mourning color is white. Mourning for a parent or husband is required there by law, under a penalty of sixty blows and a year's banishment. When the Emperor dies, all his subjects let their hair grow for one hundred days. In the Feejee Islands, on the tenth day of the mourning, the women scourge all the men except the highest chiefs. Another fashionable custom there, requires the friends and relatives of the deceased to assemble on the fourth day after the funeral, and picture to themselves the amount of corruption the corpse has sustained by that time. In the Sandwich Islands, persons desirous of going into mourning, paint the lower part of their faces black, and knock out their front teeth. No doubt this causes a very sincere kind of mourning for the time.

LOSS AND RECOVERY OF A WEDDING RING.—About three years ago, Mrs. Stewart, Montboy, while feeding her calves, allowed one of them to suck her fingers, but on withdrawing her hand beheld with consternation that her marriage ring, and another which she wore as a keeper, had disappeared, the calf having apparently swallowed them. In consequence of this the animal was kept at Montboy, where it was reared, fattened, and slaughtered recently, when a proper search was made for the missing treasure, and at the first incision made upon the intestines, both rings were found as clean and as bright as they were when they went a-missing three years before.

☞ It has been a time-honored precedent in Massachusetts that the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court should possess four special qualifications: He must be a Unitarian, a graduate of Harvard, a member of the Massachusetts Historical Society, and own a lot in Mount Auburn. Judge Chapman, recently elevated to that high position, is a graduate of no college, and is without the other essentials. And yet the world moves on.

Hair Restoratives.

"A man becoming prematurely gray, wishes to know if the use of the so-called Restoratives are injurious, composed as they are of sugar of lead and sulphur. One physician says, No, the amount of sugar of lead is too small. Another says their use injures the sight, and eventually will bring on paralysis of the face, and advises me 'not to use them at all; let your hair become white as snow first.' Will you decide the case, and allow me to suggest an article on this subject in your valuable journal?"

Hair Restoratives are all more or less injurious. The most successful in changing the color of the hair are usually the most injurious to the hair and scalp. Follow the advice of the last physician above mentioned and you cannot go astray.—*Herald of Health.*

☞ George Francis Train said, some years ago, that he attempted to write books, and people called him a fool; that he took a prominent part in politics, and they returned the same verdict; that he undertook to uphold the American nation abroad, and he was still accused of folly. "I then turned my attention," he added, "to making money; I made it, and since no one has called me a fool." Last autumn Mr. Train attended the Jockey Club races at the Jerome Park, and betted very freely, but always, as it happened, on the losing horse. The last day, having wagered large odds on the favorite, he again lost, and supremely disgusted, he took out his pocket-book while on the members' stand, and cried out: "I'll bet five to one I am the biggest fool in the city or county of New York." After repeating the challenge several times, a man standing on the course immediately below, looked up, and with his porte-monnaie in his hand, said: "Hallo, stranger, I'll take that bet, provided your name isn't George Francis Train."

☞ Rats cannot live in Alaska, because the holes freeze up; nor in St. Thomas, because the holes are turned wrong side out by earthquakes.

THE MARKETS.

FLOUR—The market has been dull. About 3500 bbls sold at $7,75@8,75 for superfine; $8,50@10 for extra; $10@11,75 for low grade and fancy Northwest extra family; $10@12 for Penna extra family; $11@12,75 for Ohio extra family, and $12@15 ₩ bbl for fancy brands, according to quality. Rye Flour—600 bbls sold in lots at $8,50@8,75 ₩ bbl.

GRAIN—Prime Wheat is scarce. About 20,000 bus of Penna, Western and Southern red sold at $2,70@2,75 for choice; $2,60@2,67 for good to prime, and $2,50@2,55 for common; 5000 bus of Kentucky white sold at $2,12½@2,25 ₩ bus, according to quality. Rye—3000 bus of prime Western and Penna sold at $1,75@1,75 ₩ bus. Corn—25,000 bus of prime Penna and Delaware yellow sold at $1,16@1,18; 5000 bus of white at $1,12½1,12, and 50,000 bus of Western mixed at $1,17@1,20. Oats—27,000 bus sold at 80@85c ₩ bus—the latter rate for prime light.

PROVISIONS—The market less active. Sales of Mess Pork at $25@25,50, and prime at $22,50. City packed Mess Beef is selling at $24@25; 150 bbls of Beef Hams sold at $37@39 ₩ bbl. Bacon—Sales of plain and fancy canvassed Hams at 17@19c; Sides at 14@14½c; and Shoulders at 12½@12½c ₩ lb. Green Meats—400 tcs of pickled Hams sold at 15½@16c, and Shoulders at 10½@11c ₩ lb. Lard—sales of 400 bbls and tcs at 16@16½c ₩ lb, and kegs in small lots at 17c ₩ lb. Prime Butter is in fair demand—sales of solid packed at 14@25c, and roll at 25@40c ₩ lb, according to quality. Cheese is selling at 15½@16c ₩ lb. Eggs sell at 28@30c ₩ doz.

BARK—Sales of 1st No 1 Quercitron at $60 ₩ ton.

COAL—The market continues dull. We quote Locust Mountain lump and steamboat at $3,50; do broken, $3,50@3,65; do egg $3,90@4,10; stove $4@4,25; red ash egg and stove $4,10@4,50; Lehigh lump, steamboat and broken, $5; do prepared, $5; do chestnut, $4,25.

☞ Other articles same as last week.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 1000 head. The prices realized from 10@10¾ cts ₩ lb. 300 Cows brought from $40 to 70 ₩ head. Sheep—4000 head were disposed of at from 6½@8¼ cts ₩ lb. 3000 Hogs sold at from $13 to 14,75 ₩ 100 lbs.

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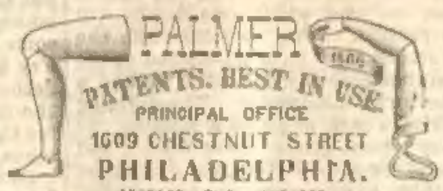

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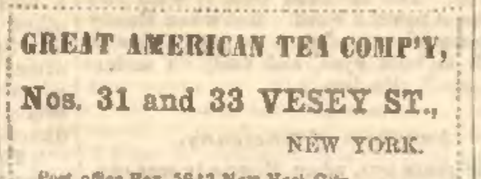

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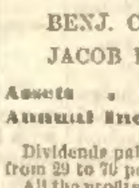

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WIT AND HUMOR.

Warranted His Goods.

Old Adam C——, a resident of Berks county, had a queer habit of making *correct* mistakes.

When about to sell rather an antiquated horse, he was interrogated as to the age of the beast.

"Vell," he replies, "I guess about nine *over* ten."

In a short time the purchaser discovered the fraud, returned with the animal, and said—

"Mr. C——, what made you cheat me in selling me this horse? Didn't you tell me he was nine or ten? and here he is twenty."

"No, no; I sheats nobody. I say he is nine *over* ten, and he is all of dat."

At another time, when selling a balky horse, he was asked if the horse was true to pull and good to drive. Old Adam says—

"I tells you, in the morning you gets your wagon out, and puts de harness on de horse good; hitch him fore de wagon good; take up de lines and vip, and tell him go. I tells you he is right dair every time."

The buyer departed satisfied; but after following directions, he found him "right dair every time," and no amount of persuasion could induce him to change his position. Buyer of course returns the horse; but Old Adam "sheats nobody. He told him shust as it was."

Having a quantity of wood that had been exposed to the weather till it had become spoiled, he wished to dispose of it. Taking a load to market, customer inquires—

"Is it good wood? Will it split good?"

"Sphlit? Yaw, sphlit like a *candle*."

Any one who has split candles can judge how the wood split. The next time Old Adam came to market he was reproached with selling rotten wood; but "Old Adam sheats nobody; he tells him shust as it was."

The Disputed Poem.

Ball, of New Jersey, has a rival. Green Baize, Esq., also claims the authorship of a popular poem about which there has been much discussion, and sends us one unpublished stanza of the song as originally composed by him, to prove his right. Here it is:

Mother, dear mother, oh! give me some squills,
I have grown weary of duns and of bills;
Weary of working ten hours a day,
Weary of working for very small pay,
Weary of trying to see my way clear,
Tired of cocktails and tired of beer,
Tired of dining with Parker and Mills,
Give me some squills, mother, give me some squills.

He appends a letter from a distinguished citizen, which he thinks will finish the controversy:

GREEN BAIZE, Esq.—Dear Sir: About the year 1801 I called at your house to grind a pair of scissors for your cook, and you took me up into the back attic to hear your beautiful poem entitled "Give Me Some Squills, Mother." I remember the year distinctly, because I fell asleep before you concluded.

Yours, truly, B. SHANKS.

Get Into Your Hole.

During the "late unpleasantness," there was a cool, unquenchable sort of a Yankee, named Gunn, who ran a stage in Western Virginia over a route much infested by bushwhackers. We frequently told Gunn that he would some day get smashed up and gobbled, and he had better give up his job, but all to no purpose, for he kept on driving stage and pocketing the greenbacks. So three of us concluded we would give him a good scare that he would accept as a warning. In coming from his stables late at night he always took a short cut across an old burying-ground. To this point we repaired. One of our number, wrapped in a sheet, lay down stark and stiff on one of the newly-made graves, while the others dodged behind tombstones, and impatiently awaited Gunn's arrival. Soon he came along, whistling and swinging a pair of heavy bridles, when all at once he was confronted by the counterfeit spectre. There he stood for a few moments with his arms akimbo, and coolly eyed the object from head to foot, then raising his bridles, began to give it a tremendous thrashing, bawling out at the same time, "Consarn your old pictur, what you doin' out here this time of night? Get into your hole." We concluded to let Gunn alone after that.

Not Made of Green Cheese.

A gentleman addicted to careless joking told a little girl who was gazing with admiration at the moon, that it was made of green cheese. This she refused to admit, but he persisted in the assertion. Having been taught very early to read, she hastened to the Bible as her refuge in difficulty, and perused attentively the account of the work of creation. Returning triumphantly to the charge, she said—

"It is not so, for I have read all about how God made the sun, and the moon and the stars."

"Very well," he answered, "but does it say the moon was not made of green cheese? You have no proof at all to bring in the question."

"Yes, I have, for this was in the beginning, before any animals were made; and if there were no cows, or goats, or any milk-giving creatures, how could there be cheese?"

A Good Article.

"Doctor, that ere rate-bane of yours is first-rate," said a Yankee to an apothecary.

"Know'd it, know'd it," said the vender of drugs, evidently well pleased with the flattering remark of his customer. "Don't keep nothing but first-rate doctor stuff; everything is prime."

"And, doctor," said the other, coolly, "I want to buy another pound of ye."

"Another pound!" ejaculated the doctor, with his eyes almost ready to start from their sockets, "what, another pound?"

"Yes, sir; I gin the whole of that pound I bought the other day to a pesky old rat, and made it awfully sick, and I am sure another pound would kill him right out."

PRIMARY EDUCATION IN GERMANY.

This important fact has been quite overlooked by travellers generally.

The Knowing Landlord.

The proprietor of a hotel near Jackson is a square-built, sleepy-looking personage, with leathery flesh and an aspect of constitutional fatigue, but a more capable host than one would suspect. Under the mask of yawning slowness he is most alert, and has a perplexing way of popping in on his servants, when they think he is dozing before the fire, with his hands in his pockets and his eyes glazed with an indolent film. His help are all colored. When they transgress they are dismissed summarily, and the proprietor, by going into the street, replaces them with slight trouble. The deceptive landlord received a letter from a young lady who had stopped at his house recently, in which letter she requested that her pocket-book, left behind under her pillow, should be forwarded by express.

The landlord had previously heard nothing of the pocket-book, but looking dreadfully sleepy he went to the colored chambermaid and said, "Pretty cold, Mandy." "Yes, sah." [A pause.] "Have to have a new broom soon, Mandy?" "Guess so—next week." [Pause again.] "Swept No. 5 yet, Mandy?" "Yes, sah." "That young lady's pocket-book, Mandy—fetch it to me"—this being drawled out in a tone of quiet indifference, but with an air of precisely knowing the history of the missing article. Mandy looked at him with a pale face and a frightened grin. He whistled, looked at the sky and yawned. "No hurry, Mandy, fetch it to me in ten minutes, that'll do, b-e-i-h-o-o." Mandy was routed. She was gone five minutes to a neighboring hut, and returned with the pocket-book as she had at first found it. The landlord took it with two yawns and never a word. But when Mandy disappeared he glanced at us with a shrewd twinkle in both eyes, and said, "I understand 'em." He does.

Anecdote of Macready.

Some years ago, when Macready was performing in Chicago, he was unfortunate enough to offend one of the actors, a native American of Western type. This person, who was cast for the part of Claudius, in "Hamlet," resolved to pay off the star for many supposed offences. So, in the last scene, as Hamlet stabbed the usurper, that monarch reeled forward, and, after a most spasmodic finish, stretched himself out precisely in the place Hamlet required for his own death. Macready, much annoyed, whispered:

"Die further up the stage, sir!"

The monarch lay insensible. Upon which, in a still louder voice, Hamlet growled:

"Die further up the stage, sir!"

Hereupon Claudius, sitting up, observed:

"I bleeve I'm King here, and I'll die where I please."

So the tragedy concluded.

Hair Love.

The absent daughter, married and far away, sends home a tiny curl in a letter—it is that of her first born! "The softest, silkiest, brightest hair, she verily believes, in all the world! And its dear little head is covered with it like so many rings of gold. Ah, if they could but see it!" Why, it seems but yesterday she was a child herself, the merriest of the household band—the most mischief-loving, provoking, and yet fascinating being one can well imagine. Threats and reproof were alike thrown away upon her; but a fond word would bring her to her mother's side in a moment, all penitence and humility, although, ten to one, the next she was as wild as ever. But she became grave all of a sudden, married, and took to housekeeping by instinct as it were, for she could have had little experience in these matters; but love makes us apt scholars, and she became a very pattern wife and mother. We need not say how that tiny curl will be kept and prized by the happy grandmother, who wept for joy as she remembered all this. Mindful, at the same time, with the sad experience which is the heritage of old age, of the precariousness of human felicity, and how many as bright buds of fair promise as the golden-haired child were now among the angels of Heaven! The young soldier, perishing on the field of glory, prays with his dying breath that a lock of his hair may be cut off and sent in remembrance of him to his mother and dear Mary. And when it reaches them, having travelled perhaps hundreds of miles, how sacred and holy is such a relic! We can fancy the aged mother's tears and kisses, and "his Mary" laying it on her heart, and never being known to smile again on earth, although she continues meek and patient to the last. The death of a beloved object seldom fails to sanctify and make us better—to wean us gently from earth to Heaven; such at least, is the intention of all our afflictions, if we could but think so; while change and estrangement harden and petrify the affections until they seemed turned to stone? "It is a perilous thing," says Frederica Bremer, "when the beloved image in the heart of man is destroyed." The lover sends a lock of hair to his mistress, friend to friend, parent to child, child to parent. We verily believe this same hair-love to be universal, and pregnant with a thousand romantic and touching episodes.—*Fraser's Magazine.*

☞ Toil, feel, think, hope. You are sure to dream enough before you die, without making arrangements for the purpose.—*Sterling.*

☞ A shadow without a substance—The shadow of a doubt.

AGRICULTURAL.

Gentlemen Farmers in Prussia.

A Paris correspondent says: "Emile de Laveleye has just contributed an article in the Revue des Dex Mondes, in which an interesting account is given of the progress made by Prussia during sixty years of peace. Writing on agriculture, he points out that nearly all the landowners cultivate their own estates; except for detached portions, renting is the exception. They are, therefore, retained in the country by the care of their own interests, for nothing more imperiously requires the eye of the master than rural industry. It is true they are aided by a class of employes who are not found in any other country. They are educated young men belonging to families in a good position, often just leaving an agricultural college, who remain for a certain time on some large estate to initiate themselves in the practical direction of one of their own.

"The novitiate is an ancient custom still preserved in many trades. Thus frequently, the son of a hotel-keeper will not hesitate to enter another hotel as butler or waiter (Kellner) to be initiated into all the details of the service over which one day he will have to preside. When any one visits the farms (Rittergutter) he is astonished to see as superintendents the son of a banker, a baron, or a rich landowner. These young people drive a cart, or guide a plough. At noon they return, groom their horses, and then go and dress themselves, and dine at the owner's table, to whom they are not inferior, either in instruction, birth, or manners. After the meal they resume their working-dress and resume, without any false shame, their rustic occupation. Thus we find in feudal Prussia a trait of manners suited to the democratic society of the United States, and which hereafter will become, general. In France, in England especially, a young man of the upper class would believe his dignity compromised in performing the work of a farm laborer."

Items.

—A farmer of much skill and experience gives it at his opinion that such a winter as we have been having is a natural prelude to an abundant fruit year. The ground has been steadily frozen, and covered with snow—free from the alternate freezings and thawing which are injurious to the trees, and weakening or destructive to the fruit buds.

—BOILED OATS FOR STOCK.—If the farmer has any stock which need special strengthening there is nothing better than boiled oats—fed cold—to do it with. They are good for weak colts, milch cows, ewes with winter lambs, and any and all stock. Hens will "shell out" better if fed with this grain.

—In Paris it was recently shown that duck rearing is nearly three times more profitable than hen rearing.

—There is, with many persons, a prejudice against white on the legs or faces of horses. Some one has called attention to the fact that Lexington, the most famous thoroughbred stallion, and Dexter, the fastest trotter in America, have four white feet and a white nose each.

—A correspondent of the Iowa Homestead advises fruit growers to be very cautious how they apply tar, coal oil, turpentine, salt, &c., to their trees; he has seen trees killed by these so-called remedies for the canker-worm, borer, &c. He uses molasses with the most successful results.

—It is important that every one should know that if hot ashes, containing some fire, are put in a wooden box or barrel containing cold ashes, although they may not come in contact with the cask, they may first set the cold ashes on fire, and then whatever combustible materials are near it.

Clover and Timothy.

A. Hadley, in a communication to the North-Western Farmer, gives what he regards three important reasons why clover should always be grown with timothy. First, the clover being tap-rooted penetrates deeply, stands drought, mellows the soil, and the timothy grows much stronger and holds up the clover. Secondly, if sown for pasturage, the timothy almost universally prevents the clover from swelling cattle. Thirdly, hay is too binding, especially for cattle, and clover too washy, (succulent,) hence both together are better than either alone. To these we may add under the head of the first, that where grass comes in a rotation, it is of the utmost importance on a clay soil, that at least a part of this grass crop be clover. It will serve to mellow and loosen the heavy soil in a remarkable degree, so that when turned over with a plough, it will not only be rich, but loose and friable. If, on the other hand, timothy alone is sown, (which some do because the hay sells better,) the sod will turn over heavy and clammy, and be unfit for any crop which is to follow. The same correspondent says that he is partial to rye for calf or sheep pasture, which he occasionally sows in the summer or autumn, after a crop of corn: and then, after being pastured winter and spring, it is turned under for a spring crop—corn, if the soil be strong enough—or it may be allowed to go to harvest.

PEARS—ROOT PROPAGATION.—In a late number of the Magazine of Horticulture, Dr. Van Mons, of Belgium, says:—

"I now propagate for myself and intimate friends the most choice varieties of Pears, which I obtain by means of the roots. Not a single one fails in this new process. Such roots should be selected as have one or more terminal fibres, and those that are often cut off and left in the earth when a tree is transplanted, succeed well. They cannot be too small, but should not be larger than the finger. The wounds at the large ends should be covered with the same composition to protect, as in grafting. They must be set obliquely."

—The chief use of applying potash or wood ashes to the soil, is to render the silica in the earth soluble, so that it may be taken up by the plant. In most soils the soluble silicates have been taken up by successive croppings, and though there is an abundance of silica or sand in the earth, there is no alkali to unite with it, hence the advantages of wood ashes.

RECEIPTS.

MATELOTE.—Take any kind of black flesh fish. Take eels and bass for instance. Cut them in small pieces about two inches long. Put a lump of fat in a saucepan. When melted put in the fish. Add a bunch of seasoning composed of parsley, thyme and garlic.

To make it really excellent, make it three or four days before eating, and warm it every day by setting the pan in boiling water.

Put a small tablespoonful of flour into the pot, gill of claret wine, and a little over a gill of broth, for a pound of fish. Also, an onion.

CELERY SAUCE, WHITE.—Pick and wash two heads of nice white celery; cut it into pieces about an inch long; stew it in a pint of water and a teaspoonful of salt, till the celery is tender; roll an ounce of butter with a tablespoonful of flour; add this to half a pint of cream, and give it a boil up.

TO COOK CODFISH WITH A PIQUANT SAUCE.—Cut the best part of a codfish in slices, and fry them in butter a light brown color. Take them up out of the pan, and lay them upon a warm dish before the fire. Boil some onions, cut them into slices, and put them into the same pan with the butter, adding a little vinegar, water, and flour, and some finely-chopped rosemary and parsley. Fry the onions and all the ingredients together, and afterwards pour the whole over the fried fish. This dish will be excellent for three days, as it can be warmed easily when wanted.

SMELTS.—Have a frying pan full of hot fat on the fire. Put a skewer through them at the gills, and lay them in the pan, half a dozen on the skewer, the ends of the skewer resting on the edge of the pan.

GINGER BISCUITS.—Rub half a pound of fresh butter into two pounds of fine flour, add half a pound of sifted sugar, and three ounces of pounded ginger. Beat up the yolk of three eggs, and take a little milk, with which make the above ingredients into a paste. Knead it all well together and roll it out extremely thin, then cut it into the form of round biscuits with a paste-cutter. Bake them in a slow oven until crisp, taking care that they are a pale brown color.

TO RESTORE THE COLOR OF BLACK KID BOOTS.—Take a small quantity of good black ink, mix it with the white of an egg, and apply it to the boots with a soft sponge.

WRINKLED SILK.—To make silk which has been wrinkled and "tumbled" appear exactly like new, sponge it on the surface with a weak solution of gum-arabic or white glue, and iron it on the wrong side.

CURE FOR COLDS.—New-laid egg, well beaten; dessert-spoonful of fine oatmeal, dessert-spoonful of moist sugar; little powdered ginger; little salt; half an ounce of fresh butter. All mixed well together. Pour on half a pint, or rather more, of boiling water, gently stirring quickly all the time to prevent curdling. To be taken at bed-time until the cold is removed.

PURIFYING WATER.—Turbid water, holding any kind of earthy substances, is rendered fit to drink in from seven to fifteen minutes, if to each liter there be added four one-hundredths of a gramme of finely powdered alum, or three-quarters of a pound to every ton of water, care being taken to agitate the water when the alum is introduced.

COCOANUT CAKES.—Peel the cocoanut and cut into thin slices, cut these again crossways into threads, about half an inch long; put a pound and a quarter of brown moist sugar, a teacupful of cold water, and the sliced cocoanut into a saucepan, and boil for some time over a slow fire, stirring frequently to prevent it burning. Wring out a coarse kitchen cloth in cold water, and lay it over a large dish; drop a tablespoonful of the mixture at intervals on the damp cloth. This is the way cocoanut cakes are made in Jamaica, and they are extremely nice.

THE RIDDLER.

Enigma.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 13 letters.
My 5, 9, 11, 6, 8, 13, is a garden plant.
My 7, 3, 4, 13, is a color.
My 1, 2, 12, is an agricultural tool.
My 10, 6, 11, is a fish.
My whole is a popular historian.

G. CRESWELL.
Montoursville, Lycoming Co., Pa.

Enigma.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 31 letters.
My 19, 7, 5, 20, 11, 17, was a god of the ancient Egyptians.
My 6, 16, 3, 12, is a river of Egypt.
My 7, 12, 17, 2, 7, 14, 20, 5, 17, was a celebrated king of ancient Egypt.
My 18, 21, 20, 12, was an ancient city celebrated for its commerce.
My 10, 8, 14, was worshipped by the ancient Egyptians.
My 10, 2, 1, 5, 9, 14, 15, was a city of ancient Greece.
My 7, 2, 4, 2, 13, was an ancient Grecian philosopher.
My whole is very instructive and entertaining.

K. B. H.

Charade.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The first object on earth was I.
The second to enter Heaven.
I was placed twice in Eden with Eve,
And then into Hades was driven.

I will be to the end of time—
I'll usher eternity in;
I'll be with thee in sickness and death,
As in health and in life I have been.

I'm stuck to the end of your nose.
I'm ever before your eye.
I enter your ear, go into your head.
Now guess what I am—please try.

C. McMULLAN.

Mathematical Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A man travelling on a road running due east, at the rate of 3 miles an hour, observed that the wind appeared to strike him from the north-east; but having occasion to stop, he found that it actually came from a point 10 degrees more to the north. Required—the velocity of the wind.

ARTEMAS MARTIN.
Franklin, Venango Co., Pa.

☞ An answer is requested.

Arithmetical Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

If 10 rails fence a rod, how many acres in that square field of such extent that every rail will fence an acre?

Bryan, Ohio. J. C. PHILLIPS.

☞ An answer is requested.

Conundrums.

☞ Why is a parish bell like a good story? Ans.—Because it is often toll'd.

☞ Why was the first day of Adam's life the longest ever known? Ans.—Because it had no Eve.

☞ Why is the centre of a tree like a dog's tail? Ans.—Because it is farthest from the bark.

☞ What is that which Adam never saw, never possessed, and yet gave two to each of his children? Ans.—Parents.

☞ Which is the most celestial part of the British Empire? Ans.—The Isle of Skye.

☞ What does Mr. Swinburne mean by a kiss which stings? Ans.—A *smack* on the face.

Answer to Last.

ENIGMA—

"Oh, tell me not the woods are fair,
Now spring is on her way;
Well, well, I know how brightly there
In joy the young leaves play."

Side Winds at Home.

After remarking that "it is a matter of considerable importance, that, in estimating the extent of an net with its relative causes, we allow an ample margin for side winds," a London essayist observes:

To the husband of ordinary strength of mind, anything like feminine despotism is particularly irksome. There are weak and not wholly indifferent men who like to be hen-pecked; but, as a rule, the best husbands are drawn from the ranks of those who detest conjugal tyranny. But the prudent wife will rule her husband—be he never so strong, never so self-willed—by the happy employment of the side wind judiciously set in motion. She weans him from this passion, directs him to that pursuit, controls the other failing, opens out new cares and new interests, until, like the sculptured virgin's foot, worn away by the kisses of innumerable worshippers, the angularities and nodosities disappear, though every application of the smoothing process has been as soft as each adorer's kiss. The medal has its reverse, of course, and a fearful picture it presents of the side wind unwisely employed—of the nagging, the taunts, the want of sympathy, the thousand and one forms of domestic misery (none of them actual offences, all of them nameless, indefinable acts of oppression, more side winds of fatality,) which all alienate a man more and more from his home. But the former picture is the pleasanter and the more profitable to dwell upon.

☞ A Berkshire paper says that a fellow in that vicinity went courting his girl on Monday evening, and wishing to be conversational, observed, "The thermomokron is twenty degrees below zelon this evenin." "Yes," innocently replied the maiden, "such kind of birds do fly higher some seasons of the year than others."